Saturday Review

OCTOBER 16, 1954 / 20¢

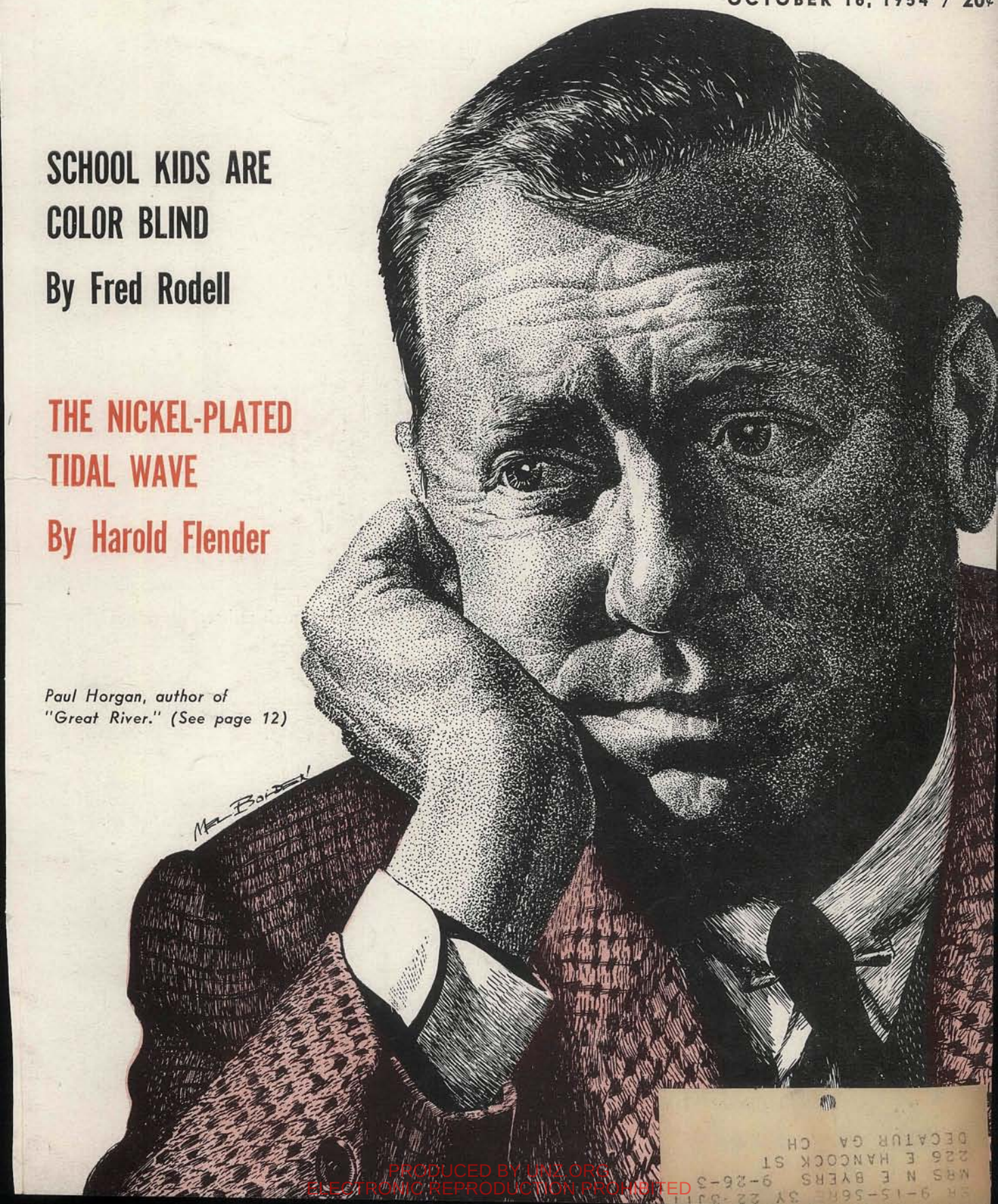
SCHOOL KIDS ARE COLOR BLIND

By Fred Rodell

THE NICKEL-PLATED TIDAL WAVE

By Harold Flender

Paul Horgan, author of "Great River." (See page 12)



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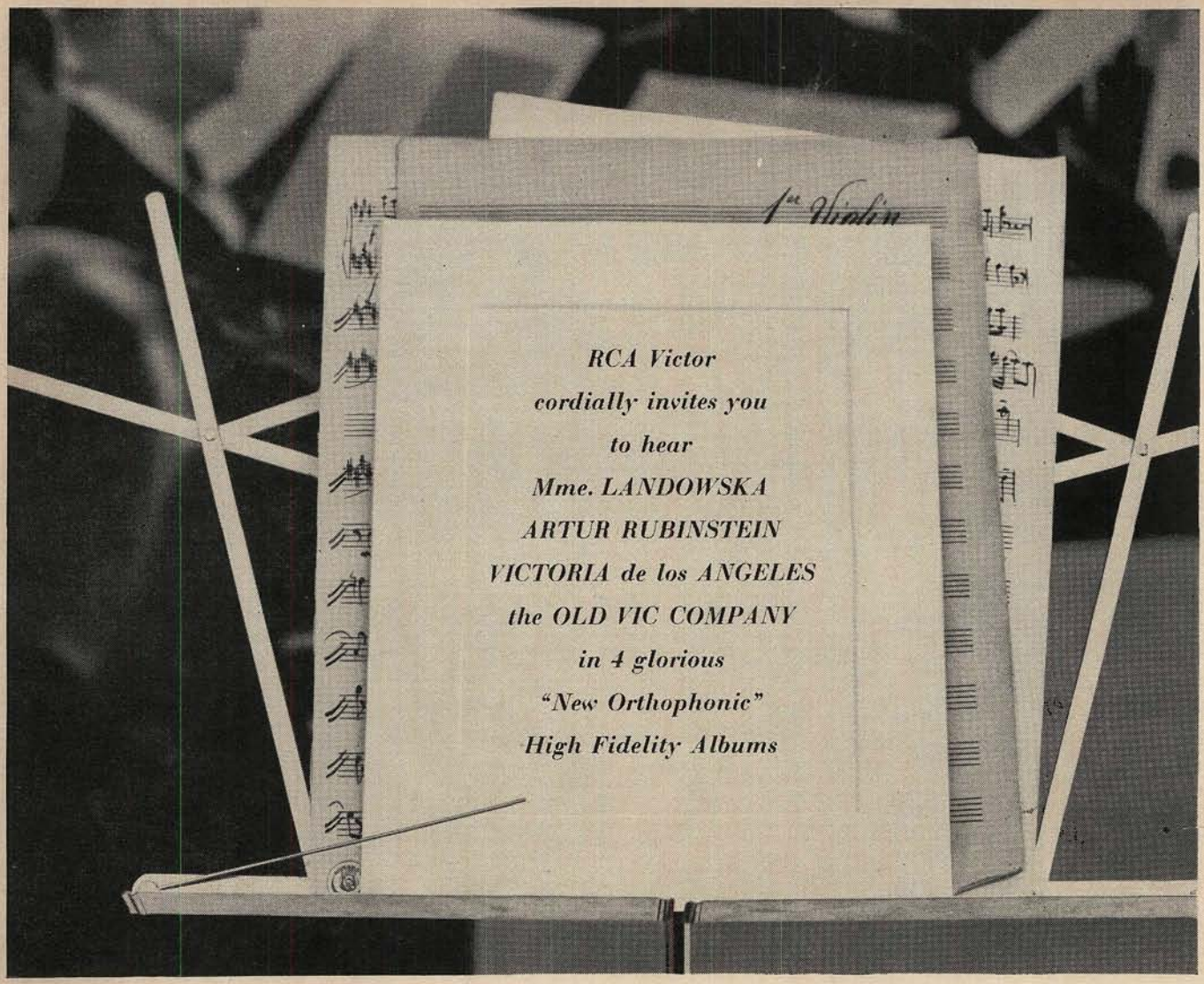

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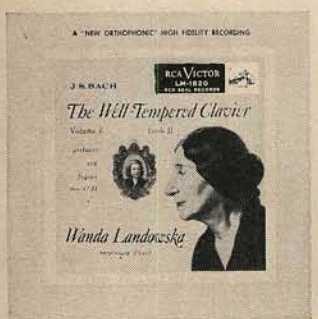

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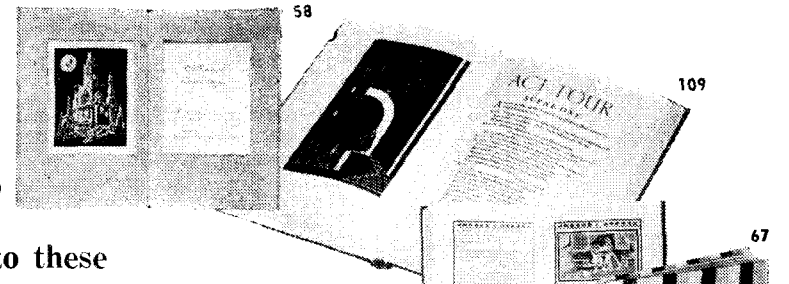

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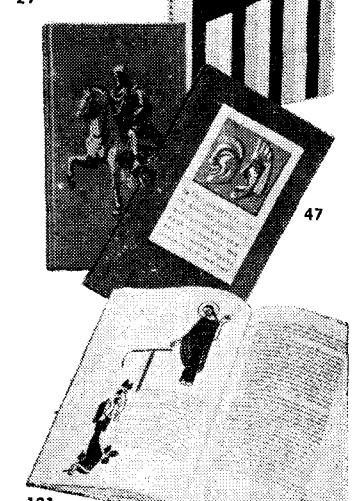

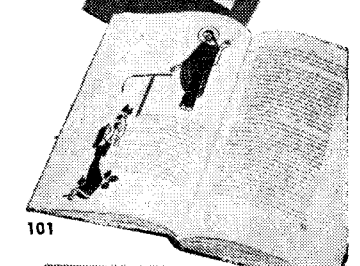

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The Saturday Review

OCTOBER 16, 1954

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SR/IDEAS

9 SCHOOL KIDS ARE COLOR BLIND, by Fred Rodell
11 THE NICKEL-PLATED TIDAL WAVE, by Harold Flender
24 DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE: AN EDITORIAL

SR/BOOKS

12 GREAT RIVER, by Paul Horgan
Reviewed by Walter Prescott Webb
13 GEORGE WASHINGTON, by Douglas Southall Freeman
Reviewed by Bernhard Knollenberg
14 INDIANS OF THE PLAINS, by Robert H. Lowie
Reviewed by John Collier
15 HESTER LILLY AND TWELVE SHORT STORIES, by Elizabeth Taylor
Reviewed by William Peden
15 THE LAST HUNT, by Milton Lott
Reviewed by Oliver LaFarge
16 THE FOSTER BROTHERS, by Edward Frankland
Reviewed by Edmund Fuller
17 TACTICAL EXERCISE, by Evelyn Waugh
Reviewed by Horace Reynolds
18 A STUDY OF HISTORY, by Arnold J. Toynbee
An Essay-Review by Philip Lee Ralph
20 IN THE NAME OF SANITY, by Lewis Mumford
Reviewed by Herbert J. Muller
21 THE HOME LETTERS OF T. E. LAWRENCE AND HIS BROTHER, edited by M. R. Lawrence
Reviewed by Lewis Vogler
22 NOVEL IN THE MAKING, by Mary O'Hara
Reviewed by Stanley Vestal
22 SON OF OSCAR WILDE, by Vyvyan Holland
Reviewed by Hollis Alpert
33 THE MAGIC OF BELIEVING, by Claude M. Bristol
TNT, by Claude M. Bristol
An Essay-Review by John Haverstick

SR/DEPARTMENTS

5 TRADE WINDS, by Bennett Cerf
25 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR
27 SEEING THINGS: BAKER THE IRREPLACEABLE, by John Mason Brown
28 LITERARY CRYPT
29 BROADWAY POSTCRIPT, by Henry Hewes
30 TV AND RADIO, by Gilbert Seldes
31 *SR* GOES TO THE MOVIES, by Lee Rogow
32 MUSIC TO MY EARS, by Irving Kolodin
35 LITERARY I. Q.
37 IDEAS ON FILM, by Helen Grayson
40 *SR*'s WORLD TRAVEL CALENDAR
41 BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, by Horace Sutton
46 THE CRIMINAL RECORD
51 KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1073

THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. *E. DeGolyer, Chairman of the Board;* Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S.A. Vol. XXXVII, No. 42, Oct. 16, 1954. Re-entered as second-class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the *"Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."* Entire issue copyright 1954 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

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TRADE Winds

OUR LEADING PRACTITIONERS of light verse are having a field day in the literary marts this year, with Phyllis McGinley, Cole Porter, David McCord, Richard Armour, and Morris Bishop all represented by characteristically witty, accomplished, and delightful new collections. (Where are Oggie Nash and Margaret Fishback?)

From Dave McCord's "Odds Without Ends" (Little, Brown):

EARLY AMERICAN

The Nottoway
Never got away
To the Platte, away
Out thataway.

The Cliffdweller
Was an odd feller;
And also, I hasten
To add, a mason.

For quite a spell
The Algonquin had no hotel,
An idea to which the tribe
Didn't subscribe.

The Ute
Lived over the butte
From the Hopi
Who thought he was dopi.

Sitting Bull
Never got full.
He just sat
And got fat.

From Phyllis McGinley's "Love Letters" (Viking): three devastating descriptions of certain venerable parties: 1. The Old Reformer: "Few friends he kept that pleased his mind. /His marriage failed when it began,/ Who worked unceasing for mankind,/ But loathed his fellow man." 2. The

Old Actor: "Too lined for Hamlet, on the whole;/For tragic Lear, too coarsely built,/Himself becomes his favorite role,/Played daily to the hilt." 3. The Old Philanthropist: "His millions make museums bright;/Harvard anticipates his will;/While his young typist weeps at night/Over a druggist's bill."

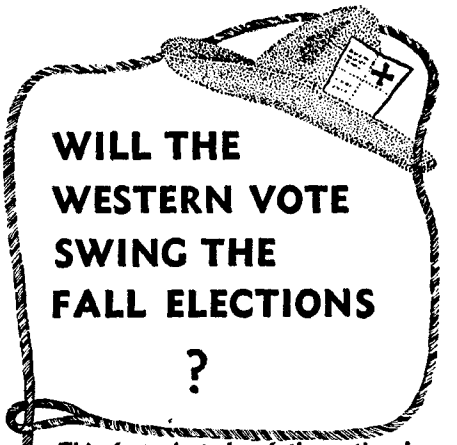
As for "The Collected Lyrics of Cole Porter," (Random House), there's the added pleasure of being able to hum the accompanying tunes as you read the lyrics—provided, of course, that you are blessed with a magnificent baritone like mine. (If my kids see this item I'm dead!)

THERE'S NO TROUBLE selling a great classic, even in screen form, if the pitch is right. The proprietor of a movie house in a mining town did absolute capacity with "Julius Caesar." "It was easy," he boasted to Sid Skolsky. "I just advertised it as a straightforward, wonderful gangster story." . . . Fred Babcock is a very popular gent out Chicago way and the stores there have given his new novel, "Hang Up the Fiddle," the

kind of send-off every author dreams of. . . . In Toledo, where Grove Patterson has been editor and Citizen Number One for around fifty years, his warm and disarming autobiography, "I Like People," is also hanging up sales records. Helen Tiffany, buyer for Lamson's, reports 625 copies sold in three days. Patterson gives interesting glimpses of notables like Douglas MacArthur, Lord Beaverbrook, Winston Churchill, and the late Bob Taft when their guards were down and they weren't playing up to their public.

Churchill's domestic relations, it seems, are often quite similar to those of simple folk like you and myself. "We were dining one evening at Lord Rothemere's," recalls Grove Patterson, "when the Prime Minister, as usual, lit up one of his big, fat cigars. Also, as usual, he let the ashes fall where they would. Finally, when his shirt front was literally covered with ashes, Mrs. Churchill could be silent no longer. 'Winston,' she said sharply, 'don't you think you could be just a little more careful with that cigar?' The P.M. replied petulantly, 'My dear Clementine, I do wish you'd be good enough to reserve your domestic criticism for the homeward journey'!"

I READ EDWIN LANHAM'S "The Iron Maiden" because scuttlebutt had it that the heroine was an amalgam of two lady journalists I know and ad-



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- **ARE WESTERNERS POLITICAL MAVERICKS?**

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mine thoroughly. Investigation proved that any resemblance was superficial and inconsequential, but I enjoyed Mr. Lanham's novel nevertheless. It's a brisk, workmanlike story of the newspaper business, neither oversentimentalized nor too tough. City Editor Roy Durkin is the kind of man anybody connected with publishing will appreciate to the full.

Lanham recalls a neat little anecdote concerning an old Russian chess champion named Bogoljubov, who was not exactly lacking in self-confidence. "How do you succeed in winning game after game from acknowledged masters?" marveled a spectator. Bogoljubov explained calmly, "There's really nothing to it. When I have the white pieces, and move first, I win because I am white. And when I have the black pieces, I win because I am Bogoljubov!"

PUBLISHERS WHO constantly seek new ways to make book-reading more popular in America saw a dream come true when Editor Herbert Mayes of *Good Housekeeping* magazine decided to incorporate a page of literary news as a regular feature. Furthermore, he wisely picked Laura Hobson for the "Thumbing Through" stint. Miss Hobson, well known to readers of this column, had already ventured into new fields in the past year with a five-times-a-week newspaper column syndicated by INS.

That literary columns in big-circulation magazines definitely increase the sale of books has already been proven by Bernardine Kielty's sprightly contributions to *Ladies' Home Journal* (her column is labeled "Under-Cover Stuff," and the mail response is sometimes astonishing) and Harry Hansen's off-beat notes in the plush *Detroit Athletic Club News*. Encouraged by these developments, masterminds in publishers' publicity departments are now dreaming of two other bridges they'd love to cross: 1. Regular book pages in *Life* and *Look*. 2. The resumption of direction of *The New Yorker*'s literary department by either Kip Fadiman or Dorothy

Hear Me, Lord!

By C. Ward Crampton, M.D.

GIVE me not pallid ease
Give me races to run
Mountains to climb
Burdens to lift.

Give me not nations to rule
Give me people to love
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And God to know.

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Winning photographs will be used to illustrate Saturday Review's noted World Travel Calendar to be featured in SR's January 1, 1955 issue.

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW

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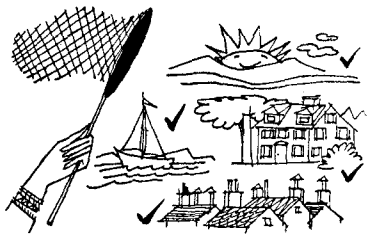
Parker. How infectious was the enthusiasm of these two! One word from them and the customers ran, not walked, to the nearest bookstore!

WE LEARN FROM Laura Hobson how Mary Deasy, author of "The Corioli Affair" (a Literary Guild selection), answered two questions posed to her in writing by a determined researcher. Question 1 was, "Is there something you think your public should know in order to understand you or your book better?" Miss Deasy replied, "Degas said that to be famous and unknown was his desire. It is mine, too." The next question was, "Do you collect first editions, paintings or etch-



ings, ship models, glass paperweights, boats, guns, dogs, people?" The way Miss Deasy answered this one was, "I collect sunsets, foggy mornings on the river, old houses, summer afternoons, wet fall evenings, the silhouettes of chimney pots against the sky, and other things too numerous to mention." Miss Deasy sounds like a gal who would be genuine fun to meet!

RETURNING TO THE SUBJECT of regular magazine columns, I hope you haven't been missing John O'Hara's lead-off pieces in *Collier's,* now hitting on all cylinders and covering every subject under the sun—even books. I particularly enjoyed this characteristic paragraph: "You can say what you please about television—but it's my turn now, and instead of giving you a personal opinion I shall repeat a mild defense of it that a friend of mine offered the other night. This friend, whom I shall call Jack (for it's his name!) is head of a large household, made large by the fact that he has children by a first marriage, children by his present wife, and stepchildren whom his wife brought with her. There are, roughly, ten children in all.

"'Before we bought a television,' said Jack, 'the place used to be a madhouse. Kids all over the house. You know how it was. But then we bought the TV set and put it in the cellar, and now the kids go down there, and once a week we throw them a couple of fishheads and everything's peaceful'."

—Bennett Cerf.

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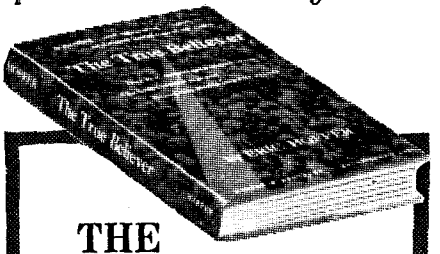

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—*CLEVELAND AMORY, in *Saturday Review*

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Zenith Radio Corp., Chicago 39, Ill. COPR., 1954

SR's Library Poll

SOME years ago Mrs. F. P. Keyes's husband died. As is often the case, she was left with many family responsibilities and expenses, no particular training. This she resented; and she set upon continuing that series of romantic novels—as regular as summer swallows and more remunerative—which has made her one of the most successful writers of all time. Her latest swallow, "The Royal Box" (#14 on *SR*'s list), is now engaged on that ascent to the top which all Mrs. Keyes's work sooner or later undertakes.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **I'll Cry Tomorrow**
   by Lillian Roth, Mike Connolly, and Gerold Frank (G)*
2. **Not As a Stranger**
   by Morton Thompson (F)**
3. **A Child of the Century**
   by Ben Hecht (G)
4. **Mary Anne**
   by Daphne du Maurier (F)
5. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
6. **Sweet Thursday**
   by John Steinbeck (F)
7. **The Dollmaker**
   by Harriette Arnow (F)
8. **Love Is Eternal**
   by Irving Stone (F)
9. **The Mind Alive**
   by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet (G)
10. **Cell 2455, Death Row**
    by Caryl Chessman (G)
11. **A Fable**
    by William Faulkner (F)
12. **Never Victorious, Never Defeated**
    by Taylor Caldwell (F)
13. **TNT, the Power Within You**
    by Clyde M. Bristol (G)
14. **The Royal Box**
    by Frances Parkinson Keyes (F)
15. ***Magnificent Obsession***
    by Lloyd C. Douglas (F)
16. **But We Were Born Free**
    by Elmer Davis (G)
17. **The Egyptian**
    by Mika Waltari (F)
18. **Minutes of the Last Meeting**
    by Gene Fowler (G)
19. **Madame de Pompadour**
    by Nancy Mitford (G)
20. **I Led Three Lives**
    by Herbert A. Philbrick (G)

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* (G)—General
** (F)—Fiction

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The Saturday Review
OCTOBER 16, 1954

SCHOOL KIDS ARE COLOR BLIND

A Northerner Looks at the Supreme Court's Decision

Last week SR *published an article by a Virginian writer, Clifford Dowdey, which strongly criticized the history, motives, and practical effects of the Supreme Court's May decision invalidating racial segregation in the public schools. This week Fred Rodell, professor of law at Yale University, examines Mr. Dowdey's argument. Professor Rodell declares that the Republic's ideals must be served eventually; ultimately segregation must go; and even now is a tardy time to start.*

By FRED RODELL

IN THE cold war of conflicting ideas, there is sometimes an area so sacrosanct, an intellectual territory so pregnant with emotion, a level of disagreement so deep, that it cannot ever become an open battlefield of give-and-take debate. You do not argue with a devout adherent of a demanding religion about the divinity of Buddha, Mohammed, Jesus Christ. You do not argue with a Communist about the fundamental rightness-or-wrongness of Marx or of Lenin. And you do not argue with a traditional Southerner about his ingrained attitude toward Negroes, founded as it is on a quite inarticulate major premise that underlies whatever words he speaks.

In the last issue of this magazine [*SR* Oct. 9] Clifford Dowdey defended the rumblingly rebellious reaction of the South—or, to be a bit more exact than he is, the reaction of many adult white people in many parts of the South—to the recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States which forbids the segregation of white and colored children in separate public schools. Mr. Dowdey's defense is eloquent, learned, largely temperate—and a little frightening. It is also more than a little irrelevant. For Mr. Dowdey, by presuming on the superior factual knowledge that Southerners so often assume on this subject, manages to make of his subterranean and sectional prejudices and predilections a matter of course rather than a proper matter for debate. Yet it is precisely these prejudices and predilections—these taken-for-granted tenets—that lie, unquietly, at the heart of the whole howdydo.

What Mr. Dowdey has to say is briefly this: The South will simply *not obey* the Supreme Court's orders. Not by open defiance but by the use of whatever "legal" devices it can dream up—from the technical turning over of public schools into private hands to the gerrymandering of school districts—the South will see to it that colored and white children do not go to school together. Just as millions of Americans evaded Prohibition until the Eighteenth Amendment was repealed (Mr. Dowdey seems to forget that there was little pretense of "legality" in the frequenting of bootleggers and speakeasies), so will the South effectively evade mixed education. And quite properly, says Mr. Dowdey.

For the South has "painfully evolved" over the years "two parallel societies"; "the normal environment of the white child is white and the normal environment of the colored child is colored." Hence, any effort to destroy or even dent this allegedly "normal" duality—by having kids with different skins sit in the same classroom—might lead to "chaos." And all this is something that no Northerner can ever understand because the proportion of Negroes in the North is so much smaller that there is no real Negro problem; moreover, Northerners hypocritically embrace more subtle forms of segregation—Harlem, the Black Belt of Chicago, and New Yorkers who send their children to private schools or move to the suburbs.

Indeed, Mr. Dowdey's dissertation

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in defense of the South is so redolent of a not-always-muted antagonism to the North that it is often strangely reminiscent of a somewhat similar screed penned by another Southerner not quite a hundred years ago. Mr. Dowdey notes the proclivity of the Northerner to "preen himself on his abstract humanity"; he says he envies "this luxury of self-approbation"; he refers to "the pious hosannas uttered by Northern politicians in the name of democracy." He also indulges in paragraph after paragraph of embittered and mostly ancient history in which he blames the Negro's unhappy plight almost wholly on the North—from the days of the New England slavetraders, on through absentee abolitionism and war-bred emancipation and ruthless reconstruction, right up to the white-supremacy politics Mr. Dowdey claims is the North's fault too. He does not use the word "damyankee," but he might as well have used it. As might that other Southerner of a century past, whose name was, of course, Roger Brooke Taney, and whose Dred Scott opinion reveled as gleefully in derogation of the North as it roared in defense of slavery.

THIS is not to say that Mr. Dowdey is wrong in the factual details of his historical survey or even in his jaundiced eying of the motives of most Northern reformers-of-the-South, from Abraham Lincoln to Chief Justice Warren. There is no doubt that the Emancipation Proclamation was more a military than a humanitarian measure; nor that post-Civil-War "reconstruction"—civil rights laws, Fourteenth Amendment, and all—really meant political and commercial subjugation of the South; nor that millions of non-Southerners cluckingly deplore the South's public policy of segregation while practising it privately themselves. There is no doubt that world politics, as reflected in the wish to take a telling talking-point away from Russia, played a major part, just as Mr. Dowdey says it did, in the Supreme Court's decision outlawing "separate but equal" public schools; nor is there any doubt that this reversal of the Court's own error of almost fifty years before (as Mr. Dowdey conspicuously does not say) required but little courage on the part of the Justices—who were merely doing, rather late, what both the Republican and Democratic Parties outside the South were officially on record as wanting done.

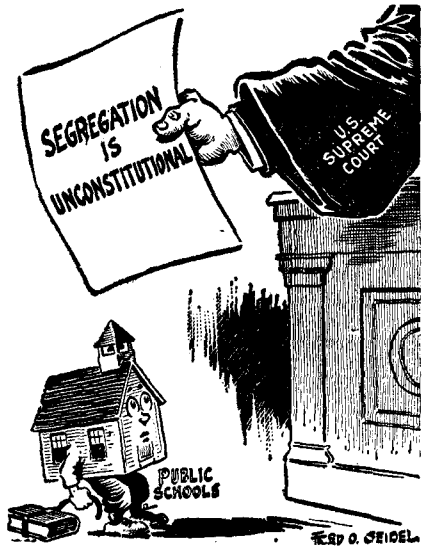
But Mr. Dowdey's history, though not technically inaccurate, is so self-defensively, or South-defensively, selective—as in its complete omission of the South's own financial exploitation and social degradation of the Negro for over a century and a half—that it verges on historical fantasy. To read it you might suppose, if otherwise uninformed, that Southern whites had never treated their colored compatriots any less than handsomely—or at least as handsomely as those colored folk deserve. And here, of course, is the clear center of the gigantic blind-spot, the inarticulate major premise, the area of undebate, that makes inevitably superficial whatever else a traditional Southerner may say about the Negro. Bluntly and simply, the traditional Southerner does not and will not consider any man of African ancestry a full-fledged human being.

Listen to Mr. Dowdey as, for all his even-tempered talk, the slip of his patronizing contempt keeps showing. "The educated Southerner . . . has always related to the Negro as a servant in his home . . ." During depression "the Negro was merely one of his [the Southern white's] multiple and at times insoluble problems . . ." (not a person; "merely" a problem). "There is a most encouraging development among Negro leaders themselves—in education, law, medicine, business . . ." (note the subtle semantics by which only Negro "leaders" achieve anything—and guess whether Mr. Dowdey would similarly have specified "white leaders"). Finally: "In a fashionable new [Richmond] suburb of highly-privileged people there is a small community of colored people who subsist largely as houseservants for the neighborhood. There is no possibility that the county school of this district, preparing students for Princeton and Vassar, will open its doors to mixed classes." And a pity that it will not—for these "highly-privileged" boys and girls, kept clean of contamination up to college, may be rudely surprised to find themselves sitting in mixed classes at Princeton or Vassar, or at Yale or Harvard or Smith or Wellesley or Siwash.

MR. DOWDEY does not go so far as did some of his sectional antecedents who, in parts of the South before the Civil War, made it a crime to teach a Negro to read and write. But his notions about Negro education, some tacit, some openly expressed, tend uncomfortably in the same direction. He is shocked at the notion of Negro teachers for white students (or even *vice versa*); he is baffled by the problem, posed almost rhetorically as if there were no acceptable answer: "Who is to teach the mixed school?" And he ties it all up with the tender comment that "the Negro, through no fault of his own, is less well prepared at home for the advantages of school education."

Why is he less well prepared, Mr. Dowdey, and whose "fault" might it be? And will the next generation of Negro children be any better "prepared at home" if *their* parents, going to school *now*, are relegated, as you would have them, to what you deem to be a comparatively second-rate education in separate schools in which no foot is set by white teachers or white fellow students—both of these groups already blessed with superior home or formal training on account of their skins, not their innate mental capacities? It is a pretty little circle of white supremacy in education that you describe and that you would have go on presumably forever: colored children denied mixed schools because they are less well readied at home, because their parents have been past victims of identical segregation—as will be, by similar logic,

(*Continued on page 47*)



—*Seibel, in* The Richmond Times-Dispatch.

"Handing Down Historical Decision."

—*Shanks, in* The Buffalo Evening News.

"Gone With the Wind."

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—United Press.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Deibel in the cell with their nickels.

THE NICKEL-PLATED TIDAL WAVE

By HAROLD FLENDER

ON FRIDAY, September 10, 1954, Garry Moore, a television comedian, picked a young lady out of his studio audience and, "just for fun," asked each of his three million viewers to send her a nickel. Hundreds of thousands responded, and Mrs. Charles Deibel, age twenty-six, of Mt. Pleasant, Michigan, wife of an appliance salesman and mother of two small children, is today a comparatively wealthy woman.

As Mrs. Deibel performed no services for the money and as it came in individual gifts of a nickel it is, according to the Internal Revenue Bureau, not taxable.

When the show went on the air I had no idea Garry was going to do this. As one of his four comedy writers, I was seated at home in front of my television set waiting for a sketch to come on. When I heard Garry preface his appeal for Mrs. Deibel by lashing out at TV's misery shows, where people in trouble are exploited for the sponsor's benefit, I knew we wouldn't have time for the sketch. And when, as a gag, he pleaded for nickels for Mrs. Deibel, who didn't need them and hadn't asked for them, I thought he had gone nuts.

Immediately after the program I raced down to the studio and said to Garry, "Are you crazy? What's the idea of playing God?"

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"You've capriciously pointed one of your gnarled fingers at some innocent woman who up to now has probably been living a perfectly normal and happy family life, and gone eeny, meeny, miney, millionaire! What do you think is going to happen to her and to the small town where she lives now that you've asked each of your listeners to send her a nickel?"

"Well," said Garry, "suppose you fly up to Mt. Pleasant, Michigan, and find out?"

Twenty-four hours later I was in Tri-City Airport, Michigan, forty miles from Mt. Pleasant, and with no train, bus, or limousine service to take me there. Rather than walk, I rented a Drive-U-Self car at the airport. When I arrived in town I checked in at the local hotel. The Deibels weren't expected back until the next night. Mrs. Deibel's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Dacey of Detroit, were taking care of her two children. I figured no mail could have arrived yet and it might be a good idea to get an idea of the town and what the people thought of the Deibels.

Mt. Pleasant lives up to its name. It's in the heart of the Michigan oil region, and most of its 11,393 inhabiants settled there since 1929, when oil was first discovered in the region. Comfortable middle-class homes on wide, spacious lawns, smart-looking shops in the center of town, two banks, two movie houses, one drive-in, a small number of bars, a large number of soda fountains. A typical small American town—peaceful and quiet. Only the night I arrived it was neither peaceful nor quiet. In addition to the noise of any town on a Saturday night, everybody was talking about the Deibels and all the nickels which *had already arrived*. It was happy talk, about how it couldn't have happened to two nicer people, about how in less than twenty-four hours over 8,000 letters had been received, about how wonderful it was of Garry Moore to give them all that money just for being nice. Everybody was happy about it except two women.

One said, "It's the worst thing that could've happened to her. Now she'll have to live the rest of her life in fear that her children will be kidnapped."

The other said: "This is the second windfall she's had. Last year she and her husband learned the rhumba."

I looked over someone's shoulder and saw the headline on the front page of the *Mt. Pleasant Times-News*: "Mail Deluges Deibel Home." And there was a picture of Mrs. Deibel's astonished parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dacey, looking at the 8,000 letters that had arrived that morning.

I DROVE to the Deibels' old white frame house and introduced myself to the Daceys. A huge pile of letters was stacked in the corner of the living-room.

"Imagine, getting over 8,000 letters this morning," said Mr. Dacey. "Ain't that something?"

"Have you opened any of them?" I asked.

"No," said Mrs. Dacey, "they're not addressed to us. They're addressed to my daughter, Marge."

"I wonder if we'll be getting any more tomorrow?" asked Mr. Dacey.

"I think you will," I said, looking at the letters. "Most of these are air-mail special-delivery. I wouldn't be surprised if you got a big batch tomorrow."

"It's funny how we weren't even watching the Garry Moore Show when Marge was on," said Mrs. Dacey. "Mr. Dacey was minding the

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kids, and I was doing the housework."

"We found out about it through the undertaker next door," said Mr. Dacey. "He was watching it on television."

"Best news anybody ever got from an undertaker," added Mrs. Dacey.

I got up and down on my toes a few times. The floor, being old, wasn't too sturdy. The letters, containing nickels, were extra heavy. Another load like this tomorrow might go through the floor.

I called the chief of police. In two minutes he arrived. He agreed it would be dangerous to bring another load like this into the house. But tomorrow, being Sunday, the chances were that not much mail would arrive. We had until Monday to decide.

Sunday morning 40,000 letters arrived. The only place large enough and strong enough to hold them was the city-jail cell. I hired a local photographer to take pictures, and made arrangements, in behalf of CBS, with a local CPA, Bernie Wilson, to count the nickels.

Sunday night the Deibels arrived. So did half-a-dozen newspaper reporters and photographers. Before going down to the jail to look at her nickels Mrs. Deibel suggested she be allowed to relax after her long drive from New York by playing her favorite game, *Scrabble*. Some of the newspapermen accepted the challenge and the game started. Meanwhile friends and relatives dropped in to congratulate the Deibels. So did their lawyer, the accountant I had hired in behalf of CBS, and the undertaker who had first brought the Daceys the good news. Everybody wanted to go down to the jail and see the mail. But we didn't go until the game was over and Mrs. Deibel's skill at *Scrabble* was demonstrated by trouncing her three opponents.

IT wasn't until we arrived at the jail, and the Deibels saw a cell piled high with letters, that they showed evidence of excitement.

"What are you going to do with all that money?" asked a reporter from the *Detroit News*.

"We don't know how much there is," answered Mr. Deibel.

"Going to give any to charity?" asked a reporter from the *Detroit Times*.

"I suppose so." said Mrs. Deibel. "If it amounts to anything at all the first thing I'm going to do is put some of it away for my children's education. Then we'll see."

When we returned from the jail to the house two phone calls were awaiting us. The local Catholic Church and the local Masonic Temple had offered

(*Continued on page* 45)

AMERICANA

Cañons, Thirst, Bends, and Death

"Great River: The Rio Grande in North American History," by Paul Horgan *(Rinehart. Vol. I: 464 pp. Vol. II: 584 pp. $10 the set.), is an account of the most romantic river in America and the people who live beside it through two thousand years of history. Here it is reviewed by Professor Walter Prescott Webb of the University of Texas, author of "The Great Plains."*

By Walter Prescott Webb

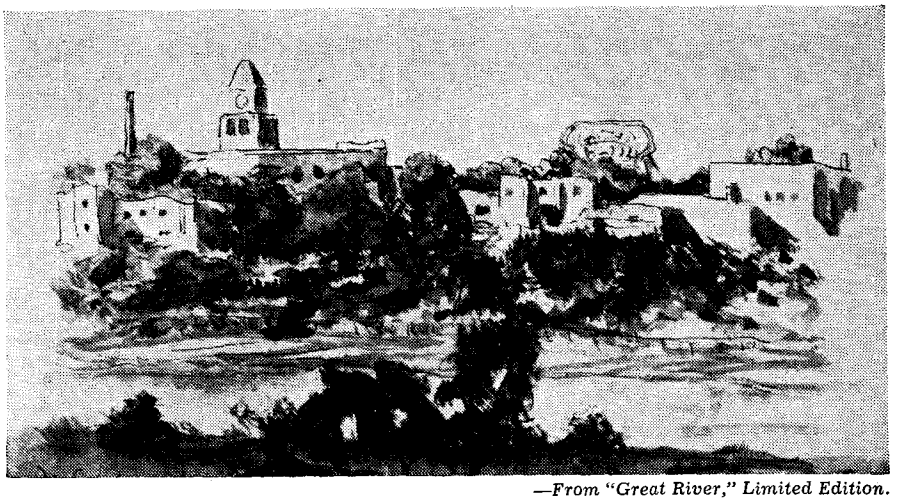
EIGHT hundred words, the editor said. Eight hundred words about a thousand-page book about a river two thousand miles long and what happened in its environs over a period of two thousand years! It is not an ordinary river, for it runs its whole course through a desert, and only by a miracle of the mountains is enough water wrung from a stingy sky to enable it to reach the Gulf of Mexico, and frequently it doesn't make it. Such a desert river means more to the people who live beside it than a larger one would mean in a wetter land. Only one great river on the North American continent is longer. The Rio Grande is unique in another respect. It separates, and at the same time binds together, for a meandering distance of some 1,500 miles, two people of contrasting cultures and civilizations. Whatever divides them, the people of Spanish and Anglo-Saxon origin have the Rio Grande in common. That part of the valley where the river separates the United States from Mexico is the most exotic and exciting area within or adjacent to this country.

Paul Horgan took on the task of writing the history of this mysterious and magic valley, probably, and in my opinion certainly, the most difficult assignment in the Rinehart Rivers of America Series. The work consists of two volumes, each containing two books, and the scope and organization cannot be better presented than by the titles of the volumes and books:

Vol. I. Indians and Spain
- Book One: The Indian Rio Grande
- Book Two: The Spanish Rio Grande

Vol. II. Mexico and the United States
- Book Three: The Mexican Rio Grande
- Book Four: The United States Rio Grande

With this outline simplicity ends and complexity sets in. There are forty-nine chapters in the first volume and sixty-three in the second. In the main the author follows chronology, as the outline above indicates, but occasionally he stops to view the culture of the people under such titles as "The Stuff of Life" for Indians, "Collective Memory" and "Hacienda and Village" for Spaniards, "Fortunes of New Mexico" for Mexicans, and "Collective Prophecy" for the late comers from the United States. These



—*From "Great River," Limited Edition.*

"Piedras Negras," dominated by the Municipal Palace and the Carta Blanca beersign.

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THE AUTHOR: Paul Horgan got started as a kind of Herodotus of the Rio Grande at the age of twelve. It was 1915 then, and the Horgans had just swapped Niagara Falls for the Rio Grande by moving from Buffalo to Albuquerque. The river became Paul's playground; he roamed it after school and on weekends. Even four decades later Horgan can effortlessly and graphically recall the Rio Grande of 1915, which he did the other day in Roswell. "There were no settlements then in local river boskies, and riverflats seemed like primal wilderness to a youngster," he said. "It was a great awakener of the imagination. I have always felt that no one can live on or near the Rio Grande without being moved to one or another degree by its rich and varied history." Anyway, Horgan and the river turned out to be one of the great love-affairs of the literature of the Southwest. The Rio Grande often flowed through his novels, stories and essays, though other regions of the U.S. have occasionally been given a break, too. Regardless, by 1940 Horgan had decided to devote a book exclusively to the river. World War II promptly interrupted. Horgan, who had been librarian of the New Mexico Military Institute, served as Chief of the Army Information Branch, being discharged as a Lieutenant-Colonel in 1946. The next eight years found him knee-deep in his project. Three times he traveled the river's full length of 1,800 miles. He made dozens and dozens of short trips, often going a hundred miles to clear up a footnote. With the Rio Grande at last between covers, Horgan is reasonably certain he is a writer, which wasn't always the case. "Because of an early interest in all the arts through exposure to them in a family of gifted amateurs, and because of having had something of a knack for several of them, I had a period in youth when it was difficult to settle on a vocation," he said. "Writing, painting, music, theatre—all had a strong appeal, but after various early defections from literature, always—and now I suppose inevitably—I came back to it." —BERNARD KALB.

chapters on social history may in time prove to be the most valuable portions of the work because the author brought to bear here a keen insight into the lives of those who have lived on and near the river's bank. Here the artist in Horgan had a chance, a better chance than the artist had when relating political and military events as recorded in the documents. For example, when Horgan describes the river bank in moonlight at El Paso, I need no source for I have seen the very place he is describing; the house built by generations is the one I found so cool and comfortable by the river that flows through a desert. The documents, the official records, and military reports sometimes take the author far afield. His acquaintance with the sources, and with individuals along the river and away from it that know them, is amazing. As a historian I am a little vexed that he has made the sources difficult to find by putting all notes at the end of the book and by foregoing all use of reference figures in the text. When the artist turns historian, he would do well to concede something to the customs of the house.

There are passages of infinite beauty and charm in this book. The following description of the river house is almost too good for history:

> The house of a big hacienda was an image in earth of the family. Through generations it grew as the family grew. The outer walls were blind against the open country with its Indian dangers, and were entered by wide covered passageways as deep as a room, and barred with heavy wooden doors. . . . Within, the rooms all opened on a patio in which trees grew. . . . Beginning with one system of rooms about a square patio, the house, as new lives came, grew into another patio, and even another. The walls were often three feet thick, built of massive adobe blocks and plastered with earth mixed with straw. Ceiling beams were peeled tree poles, and between them were laid peeled sapling sticks, often in herringbone pattern. . . . The floors were of packed earth.

There is no doubt that this book is a labor of love—as a good book must always be. Horgan tells us that it has been in the making since he came to Albuquerque at the age of two. I for one understand what he means. I doubt that anyone can really know an arid land who has not lived long in it, lived there when young to absorb its spirit before he can convey its charm and mystery. I would not say in public that he has turned out the most comprehensive and adequate history of an American river, but I will say that his is as good as the best.

Freeman's Finale

"George Washington: Patriot and President," by Douglas Southall Freeman *(Charles Scribner's Sons. 529 pp. $7.50), is the sixth and concluding volume in a monumental biography of the Father of His Country. Here it is reviewed by Bernhard Knollenberg, former librarian of Yale, author of "Washington and the Revolution" and other volumes.*

By Bernhard Knollenberg

THE sixth and of necessity concluding volume of Douglas Southall Freeman's biography of George Washington covers his life from his resignation as commander-in-chief of the American Army on December 23, 1783 to his reelection as President of the United States in February 1793. Practically completed before Freeman's death, it follows the general lines of the earlier volumes, lacking, however, the survey of Washington's character for the period under consideration that enriched its predecessors.

The outstanding feature of the present volume, as of the earlier ones, is the fulness of its coverage not only of Washington's own activities but of his various points of contact. Fortified by over twenty-five hundred footnotes and two appendices, it is virtually an encyclopedia of American history from 1783 to 1793. Further value is added by Dr. Gertrude R. B. Richards's excellent select critical bibliography of the sources on which all six volumes are based; a sympathetic tribute to "The Pen of Douglas Southall Freeman" by Dumas Malone; and a prefatory note by Dr. Freeman's research associate, Mary Wells Askworth.

The opening chapters deal chiefly with Washington's life at Mount Vernon after the war. Then comes the story of the social and political unrest of 1785-1786, including Shay's Rebellian in Massachusetts; the weakness of the old Confederation; Washington's part in forming and securing the adoption of the Constitution; and his election as President of the new Federal Government. The last eight chapters deal with the events of the first Presidential term, including extensive tours whose nature is aptly indicated by the chapter heading "All Fragrant with the Odor of Incense" and "New Homage on a Southern Tour." The relations of Washington with Congress, England and France, various state executives and Cabinet members are presented with fulness, impar-

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tiality, and skill. The account of the bargain between Jefferson and Hamilton over the location of the capital and Federal assumption of state debts is particularly well done.

TURNING from the concluding volume to the series as a whole, what are the outstanding impressions?

The first is amazement over the sheer bulk of material unearthed, collected, and marshaled in the 3,500 pages of text, including over 17,000 footnotes and numerous long, scholarly appendices. Even after taking account of the munificence of the Carnegie Corporation and Guggenheim Foundation, which provided Freeman with a staff of able research assistants such as perhaps no biographer has ever had, one cannot help exclaiming, What a man!—fully comparable in determination and capacity for sustained effort to Washington himself.

The second is recognition of the extreme value of the earlier volumes as an encyclopedia of the history of Virginia from 1730 to 1774, and the later of the United Colonies and States from 1775 to 1793. I have used the first five constantly as a reference set with unfailing profit and satisfaction.

When, however, it comes to reading these volumes as biography they are disappointing. There are, to be sure, many fine passages, notably the character surveys and the descriptions of battles in which Washington fought. But much of the going is slow and tedious, the mass of material nearly overwhelming. Pages of matter only remotely relevant or merely of antiquarian interest, though contributing much to the value of the work as a historical cyclopedia, detract from readability. Furthermore, controversial points of minor importance, which could profitably be disposed of in some cases with a statement that there is no contemporaneous evidence either way, in others by citing the conflicting evidence and letting the few readers who might be interested read the sources cited and reach their own conclusions, are discussed at length.

The most serious defect, however, is Freeman's failure to deal adequately with the evidence that Washington had some serious weaknesses of character. Hence, while we get a more detailed picture of Washington than those by earlier biographers, it is lopsided. To cite just one example from an earlier volume:

At the outbreak of the French and Indian War, Lieut. Gov. Dinwiddie of Virginia was surfeited with applications for commissions in the Virginia regiment, of which Washington was lieutenant-colonel and later colonel when the original commander died; but Dinwiddie found great difficulty in getting common soldiers to enlist. To encourage enlistments he offered 200,000 acres of Crown land in the Ohio valley free of patent fees and of royal quit rents for fifteen years. By the very nature of his office and relationship with his men, Washington, one would suppose, would consider himself honor bound, when the war was over and Indian title to the land cleared, to lend his influence to seeing that the men got their due. But, instead, he appears at the head of a petition of Dinwiddie's successor and the Council of Virginia, in which Washington had influential friends, for a distribution of only 70,000 acres among the soldiers and 130,000 for the officers, including 15,000 for Washington himself—the basis on which the land was ultimately divided. The unsavory aspect of this affair is not brought out by Freeman.

To sum up, the Freeman "Washington" is incomplete not only because of the six years of life remaining to be covered but because important aspects within the period treated are not adequately presented. But it is a mine of readily accessible and extremely useful information, has many fine passages, and, though not so readable as Freeman's great "Lee" and "Lee's Lieutenants," it gives us a far richer knowledge of Washington's life and accomplishments to 1793, so near to the end of his life, than we have ever had before.

"Climax" Culture

"Indians of the Plains," by Robert H. Lowie *(McGraw-Hill. 222 pp. $4.75), is a richly illustrated cyclopedia on the culture of the first inhabitants of Western Great Plains. John Collier, who reviews it here, was U. S. Commissioner of Indian Affairs from 1933 to 1945 and is president of the Institute of Ethnic Affairs.*

By John Collier

THE Western Great Plains, more than a million square miles, through millennia were one of the "climax" regions of the earth. No eye within our century has seen what Coronado saw around 1540. The vast buffalo herds, slowly trailing as they grazed, peacefully companioned by packs of snow-white wolves. The grass, knee deep and waist deep, so resilient that the pressure of thousands of hoofs left no sign. And with this planetary Vale of Avalon, the human life—fifty-odd tribes, hundreds of bands—was exquisitely integrated.

In its essentials, Plains Indian culture antedated the horse. Century following century, it took and gave within the ecological "climax type" and web of life, the human groups being as much nature as the rest of nature was. Century following century, its practical techniques were adequate to use the environment without ever hurting or diminishing it, and its non-material value-systems,

(*Continued on page* 39)

—*From "George Washington."*

Washington's colleagues: Edmund Randolph and James Madison.

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FICTION

Caste and Class

***"Hester Lilly and Twelve Short Stories," by Elizabeth Taylor** (Viking, 210 pp. $3), is a baker's dozen of stories and sketches by an English writer known for her skilled and intelligent craftsmanship.*

By William Peden

LIKE the work of her countrymen H. E. Bates and Angus Wilson, Elizabeth Taylor's finely-drawn pictures of English middle-class society are permeated with a feeling of moral fatigue and sadness not far removed from despair. "Hester Lilly," the moving and frequently frightening novella that gives its name to her newly published collection of short pieces, is characteristic: Mrs. Taylor's version of the eternal triangle centers around the breakup of the marriage of the headmaster of a provincial school, Robert Evans, and his outwardly cold and haughty wife, Muriel. The reagent in this drama of manners is Hester Lilly, Robert's teen-aged orphaned cousin. Passionate, awkward Hester is simultaneously one of the most irritating and most appealing homewreckers I have encountered in recent fiction. She is as plain physically as she is undistinguished morally or intellectually. To add to her difficulties, Muriel's spontaneous hostility causes Hester continually to say or do the wrong thing: "We are always mopping up for this girl," the bedeviled Robert reflects in a climactic scene wherein Hester is discovered to have broken an heirloom which the elegant Muriel greatly prizes. But Hester perseveres, in her fashion. Starved for love and understanding, she pursues Robert, a shaggy-dog, male-animal type tormented by a nineteenth-century conscience, with a persistency which is at least admirable in its sincerity and singleness of purpose. In spite of their basic differences, Hester, Robert, and Muriel are alike in their loneliness. Essentially decent and civilized people, they are undone by atavistic taboos and an appalling delicacy concerning sex. These unhappy individuals, it need hardly be said, find no solution to their problems; indeed, as Mrs. Taylor presents them, no solution is possible.

Mrs. Taylor develops her characters with intelligent understanding. Working conservatively and with admirable restraint, she builds up a climax which is superficially obvious but actually shocking in its delineation of the tormented Muriel, who, in a series of shattering revelations, sees herself for the first time nakedly, steadily, and pitilessly.

Whereas the major characters of "Hester Lilly" are successfully created as complex human beings, the minor actors are triumphs of caricature: Miss Despenser, the faded aristocrat who lives in drunkenness and filth but meticulously tends the grave of the autocratic father who made her what she is; Mrs. Brimmer, the barwoman, with her loud mouth and her mysterious peepings into the nether reaches of her ample bosom; little Mooney, the brewer's son, bedeviled by his schoolboy associates they have the vitality of the people in a Hogarth drawing or a Dickens novel.

Like "Hester Lilly," Mrs. Taylor's best short stories depend for their effect primarily upon extremely convincing characterization. In "I Live in a World of Make-Believe," Mrs. Taylor illuminates a rather obvious class-and-caste concept by her portrayal of a likable little man victimized by his wife's social aspirations; in "Spry Old Character," a rather routine story of human failure is made memorable by her compassionate picture of Blind Harry, a gamey product of racetrack and pub. Few of these shorter pieces are really distinguished pieces of fiction; even the slightest, however, are the work of a highly intelligent observer who is always a skilled disciplined craftsman.

Elizabeth Taylor—"Hogarth vitality."

—David Lowenthal

Milton Lott—"authentic talent."

Bison's Last Stand

***"The Last Hunt," by Milton Lott** (Houghton Mifflin, 399 pp. $3.95), deals with that brutal chapter of our history in which the hunters wiped out the buffalo and revolutionized the West.*

By Oliver LaFarge

A READER'S impression as he gets well into the opening chapter of Milton Lott's "The Last Hunt" is that here is an experienced craftsman whose work to date he has somehow missed. Actually, the author, at thirty-five, is a beginner. He has taken George R. Stewart's writing class at the University of California, and has written the book partly under the guidance of that gifted writer and teacher, and entirely in his spare time left over from supporting himself and his family on a full-time construction job.

Mr. Lott has an authentic natural talent. What its limits or lack of limits may be we cannot tell as yet, but the prognosis is hopeful. This first of its products is restrained, well organized, and mature.

It deals with the critical, brutal chapter of Western history in which the buffalo hunters wiped out the buffalo and revolutionized the West, but it is no mere period piece. The story is rich with local color, sustained by the rapid, logical succession of strong incidents, and elevated by the writer's own deep love for the region in which the action takes place. It is truthful fictionalization, heroic enough to fit its material and no more so, and at all times hews closely to the story of its protagonists as a good novel should.

The men who wiped out the buffalo were men; they were not inten-

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tionally evil. Mr. Lott has set up four of them, teamed together by chance, each a prototype of one kind of frontiersman of the time and place, each strongly individual. He shows us how the tragedy they created becomes their own tragedy, to surmount or succumb to according to their capabilities.

The characterizations are not entirely satisfactory. Of the four—Sandy, Charley, Jimmy the half-breed, and Woodfoot—it is only Sandy all of whose motivations we understand in depth, out of the logic of his realized character and his past. Woodfoot is all of a piece; we accept him on faith. The other two partially escape us, and a good deal of what Jimmy does or others do in relation to him in order to reach his particular solution seems to be no more than the arbitrary will of the author.

STILL, these and a number of minor characters stay live in retrospect. The recital of day-to-day incidents and actions is convincing and vivid. There is startling matter from time to time—skinning dead Indians, shooting down Indian women, the senseless slaughter of animals by "sports" and scientists—but these items are derived from recorded history.

As we have grown increasingly conscious of our Western heritage, historical fiction dealing with it has tended to become more self-conscious, intentionally "important," literary. This is readily apparent when one compares, for instance, "The Big Sky" with "The Virginian." In contrast, Mr. Lott gives us unaffected narrative and sincere feeling, without flexing of muscles or what is becoming the boredom of huge canvasses. He has written a novel-length novel, every page of which is good reading.

Heroes Without Glamour

***"The Foster Brothers," by Edward Frankland** (John Day. 310 pp. $3.95), is the story of two barbarian Norsemen of the eleventh century, their exploits in war and their curious relationships with the same woman.*

By Edmund Fuller

IN THE year 1002, we find a vessel sailing from Iceland. The foster brothers Gunnard and Arnvid are going to England to seek their fortunes in whatever ways offer—even the way of petty kingdom—for this was an era when the relatively lush fruitfulness of England was exploited ruthlessly by Danes and other Northmen. So begins "The Foster Brothers," an historical novel of quality, different in manner, but of the substance of such as Alfred Duggan.

In the newly appearing volumes of "A Study of History," A. J. Toynbee speaks of "the so-called 'heroic ages' that are episodes in the brief lives of barbarian war-bands." Professor Toynbee has contributed to this novel an introduction which is one of its adornments, reiterating the point he has often made, that competent fiction is a mode of history. The introduction chiefly is a discussion of the Scandinavian Heroic Age, a world, he assures us, "startlingly different . . . from the mirage conjured up by its romantic name."

What Mr. Frankland's novel does for us then, in Toynbee's words, is to "peel off . . . the deceptive film of glamour and . . . reveal the life of the Heroic Age as it really was. This life then turns out to be both more sordid and less foreign than it looks at first sight."

In Gunnar and Arnvid we see personified some of the fruits of "encounters" between different cultures, or civilizations. Gunnar is the pure child of the barbarian North. He is good-natured, shrewd, strong, ruthless where property or women are concerned, unhesitating in his practical decisions. Arnvid, his foster brother, is half Icelander, half Welsh. He is an able fighter but has no zest for it. He has complexities of temperament and various odd, potentially fatal, hesitations which neither he nor Gunnar understand, but we would call scruples.

Arnvid chances to rescue a young woman named Astrid from King Ethelred's terrible massacre of Danes in England. For the better part of a year they wander, in much perilous adventure, by land and sea, through Westmorland, Wales, Northumberland, and down to Wessex.

THERE is wry humor in this story, a sardonic variation on the Gareth and Lynette theme. Astrid phlegmatically accepts the fact that she now belongs to Arnvid, and is only puzzled and slightly contemptuous that he does not at once take her, sexually. He has fallen in love, has complicated the whole business with some moody notions about wanting everything to be just right before it comes to that. In consequence, nothing ever is right between this flower of barbarism and this unhappy precursor of a more complex type.

Arnvid and Gunnar find themselves unexpectedly reunited, serving the Danish King Sweyn in his harrying of Wessex. Then the oddly tender bond between these two comes under its own inevitable strains, over the question of Astrid.

The novel is beautifully written, perhaps not quite so well constructed. It has much adventure and suspense, and considerable humor with the unusual quality of being dry in its view and lusty in its manner. In the picture of eleventh-century Britain, the native people, and the Northmen whose domination is about to wane, "The Foster Brothers" is downright fascinating and revealing. It places easily in the elite class of historical fiction.

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Satire Sans Joy

"Tactical Exercise," by Evelyn Waugh *(Little, Brown. 289 pp. $3.75), is a collection of twelve short satirical pieces, written as long ago as when the famous novelist-satirist was seven and as recently as last year.*

By Horace Reynolds

"TACTICAL EXERCISE" is a collection of a dozen pieces by Evelyn Waugh, ranging in his time from "The Curse of the Horse Race," a blood-curdling thriller written at the age of seven, to "Love Among the Ruins," a satire written only last year. In addition to the first piece—a brief morality displaying the evils of betting, which today reads like burlesque—the early pieces include a flash of wild Irishry, a dog story, an excursion into the wondrous world of the film industry, a fable, studies in acidity and insanity. Most of the later pieces satirize the new look which has come over England since World War II, the exaltation of the State at the expense of the individual, an accent which Waugh indicates dramatically by having his characters swear such mild oaths as "Great State!" and "State be with you!" Often, as in "Excursion Into Reality" and "Love Among the Ruins," the satire becomes burlesque.

Reading these pieces, one is reminded of other satirists in other times and places. "Winner Take All," a story of two brothers whose rewards are not proportioned to their deserts, is much in the manner of a George Ade fable. Its moral might well be: Them as has gits. "An Englishman at Home" displays Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford skulduggery translated to the unspoilt villages of England with snobbery, instead of greed, for motive power. "On Guard" has an eighteenth-century waspish air about it; it is Pope in modern prose. In the letters from a young lady of leisure which make up "Cruise" the amusement is provided by a Gentlemen-Prefer-Blondes type of female imbecile, of which the character Gracie Allen is a middle-aged projection.

ALL these make amusing reading in Evelyn Waugh's dry manner (a manner conditioned by fearful recoil from heartiness) which uses both proper names and a tepid slang to characterize the tiredness of upper-class characters. The longest story in the book begins with a description of Fez, moves from there to England and a portrait of the main character's father, and then on to a remote love affair. Mr. Waugh's failure to unify the action here suggests that perhaps personal compulsions, not art, dictated the story, that Mr. Waugh here was writing more to please himself than his reader. There's not much gaiety in these stories, though I must confess I did laugh long and hard at something Miss Grits says on Page 65. For the most part this is satire *sans* joy: that's why the burlesque at times is a bit dreary. Some of the weariness of Mr. Waugh's characters appears to have rubbed off on their creator. His world has become mostly manner. In this collection Mr. Waugh sometimes suggests the writer who has become the victim of a technique.

Notes

LIFE IN POSTWAR GERMANY: It has been said of the Germans that if circumstances will not allow them to feel superior they react by insisting on feeling terribly inferior. Be that as it may, a sense of paralyzing futility and demoralization pervades a new novel out of Germany **"Acquainted With the Night,"** by Heinrich Böll and translated by Richard Graves (Henry Holt, $3). Moving drearily among the moral and material ruins of a defeated nation, it describes three days in the life of a man who, because he earns a poor living, drinks too much, and has fits of bad temper, feels unworthy to live with his wife and children, and so separates from them. He sends them small sums of money, and wanders alone through the nightmarish city like a victim of shock, responding only to the quick warmth of a glass of schnapps. Between chapters devoted to him we are given glimpses of his wife, a basically normal woman near the end of her rope, who has just discovered herself pregnant with a fourth child. At the end they meet, by appointment, and spend the night in a shabby hotel room, reciting together the litany of their blighted life. And here, in a novel otherwise undistinguished except for its occasional telling symbols for the spiritual ugliness of urban Germany, Mr. Böll achieves something—he conveys the quality of sad mutual tenderness which can persist in a relationship between a man and woman in which love, though besieged by the forces of abominable ill-fate, has not dwindled to a mere outward habitual expression, or vanished entirely.

For the most part, though, the writing is colorless and the author seems often as uncertain of purpose as his characters. —JEROME STONE.

MORE ABOUT AIMEE: Howard Otway brings a good deal of narrative talent to **"The Evangelist"** (Harper, $3.50), a full-length portrait of a charlatan-evangelist of the Aimee Semple Macpherson genre. Its limitations are that it has no distinguishing depth of character study and deals with such familiar materials and gambits that readers are apt to have a kind of "this is where we came in" feeling, even when Mr. Otway is performing competently as a craftsman. He sets it in no clear time frame, which seems to emphasize, rather than avoid, a dated quality about the story.

Edith Flemming is somewhat detached from us by the consistent detachment she feels toward her career. It is difficult to become involved in her

(*Continued on page* 46)

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Toynbee's Call to Faith

"A Study of History," by Arnold J. Toynbee (Oxford University Press. Vol. VII: 768 pp. Vol. VIII: 732 pp. Vol. IX: 759 pp. Vol. X: 422 pp. $35 the set), completes the monumental work of the distinguished British philosopher-historian. Here it is reviewed by Professor Philip Lee Ralph of Lake Erie College, author of "The Story of Our Civilization."

By Philip Lee Ralph

THOSE who have lacked either the time or the hardihood to read the first six volumes of Arnold Toynbee's "A Study of History" (or D. C. Somervell's one-volume abridgment) need not feel disqualified from tackling the four final instalments, just published. Actual or prospective Toynbee enthusiasts should hasten to the feast; but they should be warned that they will need a good set of teeth and a sound digestion.

For Dr. Toynbee does not attack history—as most of those before him have done—chronologically. He goes at it by subject matter, glimpsing an imposing or attractive idea and then pursuing it tirelessly up and down the corridors of time. Thus his first three volumes, all published in 1934, dealt with two subjects. The Genesis of Civilizations and The Growth of Civilizations. In 1939 his next three volumes again dealt with two subjects, The Breakdowns of Civilizations and The Disintegrations of Civilizations. Now, in these last four volumes, he has dealt with a great many other subjects. They are: Universal States, Universal Churches, Heroic Ages, Contacts Between Civilizations in Space, Contacts Between Civilizations in Time, Law and Freedom in History, The Prospects of the Western Civilization, and The Inspiration of Historians. And, now that these volumes have been completed, one has for the first time a chance to look at Dr. Toynbee's history as a whole.

Although he is anti-materialistic and never rigidly dogmatic, Dr. Toynbee does attempt a scientific synthesis of the facts of history. But, while he draws analogies from the physical and biological sciences, he does not equate his data with the rules of any fancied "social science." Both his thought and its expression are heavily freighted with aphorisms and illustrations from classical literature and from the Bible. His style has a richness that is sometimes majestic; but the clothing of rational and measured theses in archaic, poetic, or symbolic garb creates a disturbing effect.

These last four volumes indicate that Mr. Toynbee has not substantially altered either the plan of his work or his main conclusions during the twenty-five years he has been at work on them. In one important particular, however, he has shifted his perspective. Civilizations, the growth and decline of which formed the subject of his earlier volumes, he now regards as only "provisionally intelligible" fields of study. The key to further advance by "half-baked Man-in-Process-of-Civilization" he finds in the discovery that disintegrating societies have sometimes given birth to "higher religions" embodied in "universal churches." The prime example is Christianity, which grew out of the rotting corpse of the Roman Empire and reinvigorated spiritual values which had been almost suffocated in a coercive but moribund "universal state." Toynbee sees in religion the only real hope for saving the human species because, while man has mastered Nature and has herded the entire world into a single community, he has lost none of his Original Sin and is still "the most murderous wild beast on the face of the planet." Perhaps, Toynbee suggests, all of the extant civilizations are actually "on the shelf," burdened by institutions that are "veritable slums"; and our seemingly indomitable Western culture may prove to be nothing more than "vain repetitions of the heathen." Man is truly at home not within a civilization but as a member of the *Civitas Dei*, which "on Earth is offered to human souls by the higher religions." "The mean-

THE MAN: Arnold Joseph Toynbee was born in 1889, in London. His father was a social worker, his mother among the first British women to receive a college degree. Toynbee studied at Winchester and at Balliol College, Oxford, picking up what he is fond of calling "an old-fashioned education in Greek and Latin classics." Over the years other colleges and universities on both sides of the Atlantic—among them Cambridge, Columbia, and Princeton—have honored him with degrees.

THE HISTORIAN: Toynbee's interest in international affairs was aroused in the edgy days before World War I, when, as a student in the British Archeological School in Athens, he heard people argue the pros and cons of the foreign policy of Sir Edward Grey. He hadn't heard such talk at Balliol. Anyway, after the Sarajevo assassination he joined the Turkish section of the Political Intelligence Department of the Foreign Office. His talking-and-reading fluency in half-a-dozen languages came in handy; Toynbee can think as speedily in classic Greek as he can in the King's English, which must be a record of some kind. After the war he was professor of Modern Greek and Byzantine Studies at King's College, London University. He took a year out to serve as a foreign correspondent for *The Manchester Guardian*, covering the Turko-Greek War, later did some on-the-spot research by journeying to India, Japan, and China, looking in on the USSR along the way. Since 1925 he has been at the Royal Institute of International Affairs, serving as Director of Studies. He also has doubled as Stevenson Professor of International History in the University of London. Some years ago—1946, to be exact—he attended the Paris Peace Conference as a member of the British delegation.

THE BOOK: Toynbee first attempted to jot down the plan of "A Study in History" in 1920, but it turned out to be a false start. No one was more aware of this than Toynbee himself. Success came the next time around, a year later. "My second shot at planning the book," he writes, "was made on the seventeenth of September 1921, in the train between Adrianople and Nish, and this time I succeeded; for, by the end of that day, I had written down, on half a sheet of paper, a list of about a dozen headings; and these headings stand, with very little change, as the titles of the thirteen parts of this book, now published in ten volumes." The first three volumes appeared in 1934, the next three in 1939, the final four this week.

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ing behind the facts of History . . . is a revelation of God and a hope of communion with Him."

WHAT religion, if any, will play the saving role is not clear in Toynbee's analysis. Steeped in the Christian drama of the Fall, Crucifixion, and Redemption, he hopes that Christianity will rise to the challenge presented by modern "anthropolatry" and lead man from the worship of himself or of his monstrous creation the Leviathan-state back to the worship of God. But Toynbee is not entirely confident that a "post-Christian" secularized Western society which—in attempting to live down the fanaticism that produced the Wars of Religion—has thrown out the baby with the bath can recapture its own spiritual heritage. The healing currents may come once again from without: "*ex Oriente lux.*" In transcending the limits of historical analysis and looking beyond civilization Toynbee resorts to metaphor and the inspiration of hymnology. His final chapter ends with a contemplation of Fra Angelico's Beatific Vision and an invocation of the saints of all lands and faiths.

Toynbee's interpretation of the epochs and currents of Western history has elements of freshness. Strangely enough, he passes lightly over the intellectual achievements of the Middle Ages, but the Renaissance (he prefers the generic term with a small "r"), in common with similar attempts to conjure up the ghost of a dead past, does not come off with honors in the "Study." Geographical discovery and development of science marked a return, he feels, to the distinctive Western vein of achievement. Scientific progress, however, led to a "dis-etherialization" of terms and values; Westerners failed to note that science creates but can solve no moral problems; and today the scientist faces the dilemma of being freed from the shackles of a dogmatic Church only to fall into the clutches of an immoral and omnipotent State. Western civilization failed signally, says Toynbee, to shake off one Hellenic atavism. This is the vice of parochialism, seen first in devotion to a city-state and in recent centuries in the worship of nation-states, the crowning idolatry of our age, in liberal and democratic as well as in totalitarian countries.

There will be divergent judgments on Toynbee's analysis of current trends, not only because these are bound to be controversial but also because of the instruments with which he assesses them. A 100-inch telescope is not designed for surveying the front yard. Toynbee is objective, almost to the point of serene detachment, and nowhere more impressively so than in his comments on Russia. While he regards Marxism as a perverted religion which can produce only "Dead Sea fruit," he recognizes the logic of its appeal to a Russia which had been frequently assaulted by the West and was eager to seize upon a weapon which could be used defensively and offensively. In spite of her Communist aberration, Toynbee regards Russia's international position as ambivalent, and suggests that she may be the organizer of world resistance against Western expansion or that, as differences develop between her and China, the West may soon be "hailing Holy Russia as 'the White Man's hope'."

—*Hesse in* The St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"Constant Fishing in the Old Sink Hole."

Toynbee's sharp comments on the East-West ideological conflict are salutary. The champions of Communism and of capitalism, he says, agree fundamentally in setting up exclusively mundane objectives; they differ only on the secondary question of whether man should strive for worldly success as an individual or as a member of a phalanstery. He is not surprised to find that Communism's image of collective humanity can compete successfully with the West's "mannikins" for the allegiance of men of empty souls.

Mr. Toynbee is convinced that economic developments and the onrush of technology have made world unity inevitable. The question in his mind is whether this will be accomplished peacefully or by a third world war, which can be avoided only if the two great powers are willing to practise co-existence and accept "a pacific partition" of the human community "for an indefinite time to come." To forestall catastrophe he offers little beyond the hope that martial ardor, which has declined among Western European peoples, may drop even more sharply with the realization that dying for one's country has become equivalent to dying *with* one's country. An ecumenical superstate he thinks will probably stem from either the Soviet Union or, preferably, from the United States, rather than grow out of the U.N., although he considers the U.N. an indispensable interim instrument. On the logic of Toynbee's own premises all such speculation is trivial. The only international Commonwealth which offers real hope for mankind, in Toynbee's vision, is a Communion of the Saints, and this ideal far transcends our "Lilliputian hostilities." Toynbee concedes that Western souls, who have attempted "to force a premature entry into the Promised Land," may be sentenced "to end their days in the Wilderness."

GRUBBING modern Western scholars can profit from the intrepid and many-faceted world view of a Toynbee as medieval Schoolmen profited from the reasoned synthesis of an Aquinas. The attempt to fit all of human history into a formula, however, taxes the imagination and dulls the faculty of discrimination. Sometimes Toynbee seems to force the pieces into place, whether they fit or not, particularly when he deals with the cultures of the New World and of the Far East. To characterize the Tokugawa Shogunate as the "universal state" of the Japanese branch of the Far Eastern Civilization is to push an abstraction to the point of fantasy. Highly questionable is his distinction between the "Sinic" and the "Far Eastern" civilizations (Chinese in both cases). Even

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in respect to Europe Mr. Toynbee is not entirely free from the parochialism which he decries. While some may accuse him of handling Russia too gently, he is certainly rough on the Germans.

For all its catholicity and tremendous erudition the "Study" reflects the spell cast by the Hellenic chapter of Western experience. Mr. Toynbee began as a classical scholar (twelve years of Greek, fifteen years of Latin). He considers a grounding in the Greco-Roman classics essential to a Western historian who desires objectivity toward his own culture (a sad thought for the future of the profession if he is right). In his scheme of things Rome (the "universal state" of Hellenism) is the conscious or unconscious archetype; and the "Study" is, among other things, a highly illuminating comment on the decline of the Roman Empire. Correcting Gibbon, who mistook Rome's "Indian summer" for a period of creative vitality, Toynbee has inverted Gibbon's thesis. Gibbon attributed Rome's decline to "the triumph of Barbarism and Religion." Toynbee senses the decline of Western civilization in the triumph of "Neo-barbarism" and irreligion. But, however essential to the clarifying of European history, the Roman pattern is not the only conceivable one or the only one which has been demonstrated among the globe's inhabitants.

Perhaps the enduring value of Toynbee's "Study" will be found not in his schema, embellished with fine filigree, but in his defense of liberal humane values and his incisive observations in passing. He comments sagely on human nature (noting that physical mortality is the price that Life paid "for an organic evolution beyond the limitations of the amoeba"), on the relationship between the intellect and the subconscious, on the dilemma of modern historians who had rejected theology but did not dare claim the laws of science for their province, and other intriguing subjects. His central message, which is a call to faith, can stand independently of a Gibbon-in-reverse hypothesis of civilizations.

"Castletown" in Kildare (built in 1722), called "the finest house in Ireland."

EMERALD ISLE: A tour of Ireland in fifty-eight photographic stops is offered by the **"Country Life Picture Book of Ireland"** (British Book Centre, $2.75). Starting with Dublin's sooty Georgian colonnades, and circling clockwise around the country, the tour includes not only the familiar scenes like Blarney Castle and the Giant's Causeway, but the mossy Norman towers, the grass-grown fourteenth-century churchyards, the bleak coastal cliffs and moors, and the mountains and loughs that give Ireland the power of inflicting nostalgia on those who have never seen her. In their misty remoteness of time and place, these pictures remind one strongly of the countryside of medieval romance. —THOMAS E. COONEY.

Life with Reason

***"In the Name of Sanity," by Lewis Mumford** (Harcourt, Brace. 244 pp. $3.75), is a new collection of essays by a prophet and crusader for the good life and a better world. Professor Herbert J. Muller of Purdue University, who reviews it below, is the author of "The Uses of the Past."*

By Herbert J. Muller

ALTHOUGH Lewis Mumford's latest book, "In the Name of Sanity," is a loose collection of occasional articles and lectures, all have to do with the crisis of our civilization, the violent irrationality and inhumanity that govern our times. Some deal in a relatively calm spirit with the underlying causes of the crisis, restating the themes he developed in his four-volume major work, "The Renewal of Life." He stresses in particular the dehumanization resulting from the worship of science and technics: the obsession with quantity, power, material means, and the consequent neglect or even scorn of quality, pattern, value, purpose—the ideal ends that traditionally found expression in religion and the arts. Other essays take up in a spirit of desperate urgency the problem of how to avoid the universal catastrophe of atomic war. Mumford's program for salvation includes world government. But he begins and ends with an appeal to every individual to accept his personal responsibilities. Only reason and love can save us, and sanity begins at home.

Mumford accordingly dwells on the irrationalities of our own national policy instead of the familiar evils of Communism. While always talking peace, we have made it our main business to prepare not merely for war but for mass extermination—an insanity that most Americans can now contemplate without a sense of moral outrage. In the interests of national security we have been magnifying the real dangers, intensifying our feeling of insecurity and our fear; in the name of freedom and democracy we have been subverting our democratic principles, succumbing "not to creeping socialism but to galloping fascism"; and we compensate for an uneasy conscience by "redoubling our outrage over the conduct of our enemies." Offhand one could wish that our national leaders be required to read a chapter of Mumford before and after every conference and every speech.

I therefore regret to add that "In the Name of Sanity" is likely to in-

(*Continued on page* 44)

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Poet of the Arab Sands

"The Home Letters of T. E. Lawrence and His Brothers," edited by M. R. Lawrence *(Macmillan. 731 pp. $10), is a collection of letters written home by the accomplished and enigmatic Briton and two of his brothers over almost three decades.*

By Lewis Vogler

IF the T. E. Lawrence legend has not actually been diminished by the events of the twenty years since his death, it has at least been allowed to gather a little of their dust. The scheduled publication next year of "The Mint," his carefully withheld autobiography, should do much to revive discussion of that accomplished and enigmatic man whose life was so rare in its combination of adventure and rejected honors. An interesting forerunner is "The Home Letters of T. E. Lawrence and His Brothers," written over a period of nearly thirty years.

An insight into Lawrence's family life, one of solidarity and mutual pride, can be gained from the fact that his letters were preserved—and so well worth preserving. Letters obviously served Lawrence, even more than in the case of many other writers, as literary exercise; the detailed nature of his enthusiasms is apparent from the beginning. The long letters from France in the summer of 1908 when he was twenty and still at Oxford are full of measurements and drawings of castles, ruins, cathedrals, written with an unmistakable air of authority and in full confidence of home interest.

More interesting—almost dramatically so, considering our present knowledge of Lawrence—are those describing his first impressions of Syria. It was inevitable that Lawrence's interest in the Crusades should have drawn him to the Levant; it was perhaps equally so that his imagination should have been seized and held by it. Vivid with the cries of the markets, the flash of rare birds, the roar of historic rivers, the harsh poetry of the desert and of Arab life ("Here one learns an economy of beauty which is wonderful") his letters of 1909-1911 already show him a worthy follower of such countrymen as Burton, Kinglake, and particularly Doughty.

Lawrence's interests found a natural focus in archeology. Perhaps the most impressive of all his letters were written from Carchemish, near Jebail, where he spent the better parts of three years (1911-1914) excavating in the company of such men as Hogarth, Woolley, and Flinders Petrie. During one of the summers the made an 1,100-mile walking trip through Northern Mesopotamia. He notes his widening reputation—"But all Syria has heard of me;—and of us"; reveals his growing knowledge of Arabic, his increasing skill with firearms, animals, and men, his collector's passion for all the artifacts of the "digs," for rugs and animal skins—especially where they could be used in binding books. His preoccupation with books remained intense. His reading at Carchemish included Rabelais ("more thoughtful" than Shakespeare), "Spenser, Catullus, Marot, the Koran, Simonides, and Meleager." He urged William Morris's "Sigurd" onto friends and family, and was an avid admirer of Baedeker—"What a catalog of talents! I wish I had them."

Drawn into the war, possibly to give "an archeological color to a political job," Lawrence's own talents were, of course, to meet—and to make—some extraordinary occasions. His letters from 1915 reveal little, naturally, of his actual military operations—described for posterity in "Seven Pillars of Wisdom"; he apologizes often for his "monomania" on the one subject about which he was just then unable to write. In one he says wearily, "The job is too big for me." In July 1916, he writes, "It is so good to have helped a bit in making a new nation."

—Portrait by McBey.

Lawrence—"most exceptional man."

FEW details of Lawrence's disillusionment are given in his postwar letters, but the undertone is unmistakable. As Aircraftman T. E. Shaw, living at Cloud's Hill in Dorset—from 1925, he is increasingly fameworn and somehow spiritually maimed. At work, much later, on his translation of the Odyssey (a work he had always considered second-rate) he makes the curious statement that he would never again attempt anything original. "It is not good for man to make things." An almost equally revealing comment is:

"It's odd you know," he writes in one of his latest letters, "how impossible it is to be altogether alone. It's the only experience that humanity has never really worked towards: and I'm quite sure we can only manage it in a crowded place. The difficulty is to keep oneself untouched in a crowd: so many people try to speak to you or touch you: and your [*sic*] like electricity in that one touch discharges all the virtue you have stored up. However, these things don't really matter."

T. E. (Ned to his family) was only one—the second—of five accomplished brothers who reminded Sir Ernest Barker of a "nest of young eagles." All the others seem to have been more devoutly athletic, though still intellectual, more influenced perhaps by Christian precept than Lawrence. All, obviously, were strongly under the influence of a remarkable mother who as Lawrence says elsewhere encouraged little female companionship. The letters of W. G. (Will) and F. H. (Frank) Lawrence, both of whom were killed in France in 1915, have also been included in this volume. Both may have had "the promise of greatness which we saw fulfilled in T. E.," but it seems clear that only he had the extra intensity and idiosyncrasy which may have amounted to genius.

Tempting as it is to find in Lawrence a prophetic symbol—the spiritual adventurer recoiling from the military achievement he has found morally indefensible, seeking to lower himself to the tinkering anonymity of the herd—it is still not easy. He was indeed an "exasperatingly complex personality," and a most exceptional man. It is difficult to read even a few of these letters without an awareness of his sharpness of spirit, without taking in some of the air of the altitudes at which he lived. Whatever may be made of his other achievements, he was, as a writer, almost incapable of dulness—even in his letters home.

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Best-Seller Making

"Novel in the Making," by Mary O'Hara *(David McKay. 244 pp. $3), is a frank account of precisely how the author wrote her bestselling novel, "The Son of Adam Wyngate." Here it is reviewed by Stanley Vestal, who under his workaday name of W. S. Campbell is director of the courses in professional writing at the University of Oklahoma.*

By Stanley Vestal

EVER since Edgar Allan Poe penned his plausible explanation of how he wrote "The Raven" we have been favored with more or less honest accounts of the ordeals and methods of writers. Among the best and most convincing are, of course, the notebooks of Nathaniel Hawthorne and Somerset Maugham's "The Summing Up," the diaries of Chekhov and Tolstoy, and the more recent "I Wanted to Write," by Kenneth Roberts. Most of these, however, are largely biographical or summary. Here we have a frank and detailed account of how one best-seller, "The Son of Adam Wyngate," by Mary O'Hara, was created.

She learned to write in (of all places) Hollywood—notoriously the writer's graveyard. There she worked as a play doctor of sick films, cutting and pasting and writing titles. Thus she acquired the professional attitude and point of view, doubly fortunate in that she worked under the direction of a disciple of Winchell Smith, who learned his craft in George Pierce Baker's famous 47 Workshop at Yale.

She feels that books are written to be read, that her first loyalty is to her reader. She admits that self-expression may be therapeutic and agreeable, but considers talking to oneself rather peculiar. She tells delicious anecdotes of writers who, being quite unable to extricate their hero from his predicaments, decided on a tragic ending as being "more artistic." Though in her work, as in that of all professionals, there is much "planning and plugging," she knows the inspiration which comes to the writer who is excited by his subject and project.

REARED in the home of a Protestant parson, she early became a "soul-searcher," and declares that love is her panacea, mysticism her passion, and the theme of her novel the conflict of sacred and profane love, illustrated by the problem of a spiritual parson with an habitually unfaithful wife. She calls her novels fables with a message, and says she is incapable of writing a book which does not make a point.

Methodically, she states in advance her locale, point of view, body of thought, subject, theme, and protagonist. She also prepares a scenario in advance and, like Poe, then writes the climactic scenes first, building the others towards that peak. She still follows the Hollywood use of scissors and Scotch tape, trying her paragraphs in different arrangements.

It is refreshing to find her as frank about her triumphs as she is about her disappointments and discouragements, yet she gladly gives credit to others who have advised her, notably Whit Burnett. She nevertheless listens to her "warning bell," which rings when she is off the trail. She makes it a rule never to count the cost of work, time, effort, or even health provided she is building the book. Like most ex-screen writers, she revels in the freedom of personal expression, for on the screen it was impossible to speak out in her own voice. Therefore one of her great agonies has been the necessary murder of these darlings in the final draft.

This book will prove a provocative and instructive one for the fiction writer, presenting as it does so many of his own problems, along with a range of possible solutions and much sound sense on the relations of author to publishers and critics. It is also convincing evidence how much more a skilled professional writer knows about the nature of writers and writing—about literature, in short—than any mere scholar or critic can know.

—Culver Service.

Wilde—"much of the child."

Paternal Shadow

"Son of Oscar Wilde," by Vyvyan Holland *(E. P. Dutton. 237 pp. $3.75), is an account by the son of the talented playwright of his life with father and of the manner in which the* cause célèbre *of the Nineties affected his own career. Hollis Alpert, who reviews it below, is a member of the staff of* The New Yorker.

By Hollis Alpert

WHEN the trial of Oscar Wilde took place in 1895 the British public sanctimoniously watched the destruction of its most popular playwright. The two-year jail sentence was the severest that could be administered by law. Wilde's books were removed from bookshops and libraries, his plays (among them "The Importance of Being Earnest") were withdrawn, and editorial writers throughout the nation made a mockery of his name. Prostitutes outside the courtroom danced in the street when the verdict was announced. Midway in his jail term he was hauled before another court to undergo bankruptcy proceedings. His home in Tite Street was looted by vandals and souvenir hunters, and his family —a wife and two children—felt a backlash of the public fury. Now his son, Vyvyan Holland, has come forward to tell that part of the story, what happened to him, his mother, and brother after Wilde was brought to trial.

It is mainly a memoir of his early upbringing and schooling that Mr. Holland relates in "Son of Oscar Wilde," and there is little he has to add to what we already know of his father, a subject hardly neglected by biographers. The son's memories of Wilde are scanty. He recalls that he adored him, that Wilde was a wonderful companion to the sons, that he mended their toys and romped with them in the nursery. "He had so much of the child in his nature," Mr. Holland writes, "that he delighted in playing our games. He would go down on all fours on the nursery floor, being in turn a lion, a wolf, a horse, caring nothing for his immaculate appearance . . . When he grew tired of playing he would keep us quiet by telling us fairy stories, or tales of adventure, of which he had a never-ending supply." This picture of a devoted father makes a pleasant contrast to the sides of Wilde's nature that are usually stressed. When the blow struck, Vyvyan was kept un-

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aware of it, but his brother Cyril, a year and a half older, was able to guess some of the import of the sensational news placards. The outraged respectability of their mother's family then entered in to shape the course of their lives. Even before the conviction of their father they were sent abroad, in the charge of a French governess. Mrs. Wilde joined them in Switzerland, and the first of a series of houndings occurred. They were asked to leave by a hotel-keeper. After more unpleasant occurrences it was thought best to change their family name to Holland. But all through his growing-up period Vyvyan was aware that his parentage was not a well-kept secret, and that he was being watched to see if he showed any signs of moral deterioration.

UNFORTUNATELY, Mr. Holland's account of his early years is only spottily absorbing. It's the background that always seems more important than the tribulations of his school-days, his early interest in Catholicism, the cold, disapproving guardianship. The background events, though, were pathetic to the extreme. Neither of the boys ever got to see their father again, once they were whisked from the house in Tite Street. Their mother, broken in spirit, died without seeing her husband a free man, again the result of her family's intervention. Wilde, always eager to see his sons, was kept from them. Vyvyan, upon being told by a sympathetic headmaster that his father had died, was quite surprised, since he'd thought him dead long before. He was eighteen before he had any inkling of what had caused Wilde's ruin.

Cyril knew more of the truth and seems to have been much more affected by it. He wrote Vyvyan: "Gradually, I became obsessed with the idea that I must retrieve what had been lost. All these years my great incentive has been to wipe that stain away; to retrieve, if may be, by some action of mine, a name no longer honored in the land. The more I thought of this, the more convinced I became that, first and foremost, I must be a *man*." Cyril spurred himself on to become an outstanding athlete in school. He was an Army career officer, and died from a sniper's bullet early in World War I. Vyvyan was beginning to establish himself as a lawyer when war broke out. After serving with distinction in the British Army (a publisher's note tells us this) he found it difficult to return to the law and took up writing. Now in his sixties, he is a well-known biographer and translator. At no

(*Continued on page* 43)

Oscarisms for Today

TO CELEBRATE the birth, one hundred years ago this October 16, of one of the wittiest writers and talkers in the history of the English language, the John Day Co. is publishing **"The Epigrams of Oscar Wilde"** *($4). From Wilde's single novel, handful of plays, fables, critical pieces, letters, and fragmentary records of conversations and interviews Alvin Wilde has gathered a volume full of bright and sometimes brilliant sallies. A few of the best:*

I SOMETIMES think that God, in creating man, somewhat overestimated His ability.—"In Conversation."

FORMERLY WE used to canonize our heroes. The modern method is to vulgarize them. Cheap editions of great books may be delightful, but cheap editions of great men are absolutely detestable.—"The Critic as Artist."

WOMEN are meant to be loved, not to be understood.—"The Sphinx Without a Secret."

WOMEN give to men the very gold of their lives. But they invariably want it back in small change.—"In Conversation."

THE ONLY way a woman can ever reform a man is by boring him so completely that he loses all possible interest in life.—"The Picture of Dorian Gray."

NOWADAYS people know the price of everything and the value of nothing. —"The Picture of Dorian Gray."

BAD ARTISTS always admire each other's work. They call it being large-minded and free from prejudice. But a truly great artist cannot conceive of life being shown, or beauty fashioned, under any conditions other than those he has selected.—"The Critic as Artist."

NATURE is elbowing her way into the charmed circle of art.—"In Conversation."

. . . THE GREAT superiority of France over England is that in France every bourgeois wants to be an artist, whereas in England every artist wants to be a bourgeois. —"In Conversation."

. . . THE PAST is what man should not have been. The present is what man ought not to be. The future is what artists are.—"The Soul of Man Under Socialism."

AMBITION is the last refuge of the failure.—"Phrases and Philosophies for the Use of the Young."

GIVE ME the luxuries, and anyone can have the necessaries.—"In Conversation."

THE WORLD is a stage, but the play is badly cast.—"Lord Arthur Savile's Crime."

ONE OF those characteristic British faces that, once seen, are never remembered.—"In Conversation."

. . . THE DISCOVERY of America was the beginning of the death of art. —"In Conversation."

MODERN JOURNALISM, by giving us the opinions of the uneducated, keeps us in touch with the ignorance of the community.—"The Critic as Artist."

PATRIOTISM is the virtue of the vicious.—"In Conversation."

WHILE TO the claims of charity a man may yield and yet be free, to the claims of conformity no man may yield and remain free at all. —"The Soul of Man Under Socialism."

HE HASN'T a single redeeming vice. —"In Conversation."

EACH CLASS preaches the importance of those virtues it need not exercise. The rich harp on the value of thrift, the idle grow eloquent over the dignity of labor. —"In Conversation."

WORK IS the curse of the drinking classes.—"In Conversation."

THERE IS no such thing as a moral or an immoral book. Books are well written or badly written. That is all.—"The Picture of Dorian Gray."

MR. HENRY JAMES writes fiction as if it were a painful duty.—"The Decay of Lying."

A POET can survive anything but a misprint.—"In Conversation."

MARRIAGE is hardly a thing that one can do now and then—except in America.—"The Picture of Dorian Gray."

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The Saturday Review

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Publisher, J. R. COMINSKY Associate Publisher, W. D. PATTERSON
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Declaration of Independence

IT IS doubtful if any newspaper in the world has devoted as much space in a single issue to the literature of its own country as *The London Times Literary Supplement* of September 17 has given to the past and present of American writing. *The Times* has also addressed itself to the other means by which we communicate ideas, including the press, radio, television, and the comic strip. *The Times* takes the position that our literature has at last come of age, and that it has both independence and vigor.

Following its tradition of critical anonymity, only two of the forty-seven essays in "American Writing Today" are signed by their authors: Dame Edith Sitwell, who is principally interested in our poets, and W. H. Auden, who believes that the difference between American and British poetry is due to the fact that "Englishmen live in a mild climate of weather and Americans in a climate of violent extremes," and that "in England there is no primitive wilderness left and no uninhabitable area, but within fifty miles from New York you can get fatally lost in the woods." In fact, the average American reader who knows only a few of our modern poets, because they are still wedded to conventional verse or because the poet's work appears in small editions or in literary magazines and university quarterlies, may be somewhat astonished to discover that in *The Times*'s vast collection of essays and articles on every aspect of our literature American poetry rides boldly in the van.

In the first of the eight sections in which the *Supplement* is divided there are five essays on poetry and one entitled "Thirty Years of Theatrical Enterprise." In addition, there are fifteen poems included in the *Supplement*, though there are no quotations from prose writers. Dame Edith despairs of English people who do not realize that Robert Lowell's "The Ghost" is a great poem, and that a single line, "Lethe oozes from her nether lip," calls to mind the naked majesty of Tourneur or Middleton. This is somewhat perplexing when one realizes that Mr. Lowell's work is generally unavailable at the local bookstore. It is pleasant, however, to realize that this issue of the *Supplement* may lead to a determination by the English to find and read these poets of ours who are so fervently praised by their own critics. But, alas, where can one find Noward Nemerov's "Zalmoxis" or José Garcia Villa's "The Anchored Angel"?

OF late we have been told that fiction as a form of literature is declining, though the novel is still the most popular form of bedside entertainment. The editors of the *Supplement* would seem to countenance this belief since there are only five essays covering only six pages included in the section entitled "The Craft of Fiction." The eight essays under "Critical Appreciation" cover eighteen pages and "Intellectual Opinion" eight. *The Times* quotes from a Gallup poll that fewer people buy and read books (a subtle discrimination) in the United States than any other modern democracy; that the average Englishman reads three times as many books as the American. If we had as many bookshops *per capita* as Denmark *The Times* says we would have 23,000, and our 7,500 public libraries would be 77,000 to match Sweden *per capita*. Two hundred and fifty million paper-bound books are mass produced and bought because they are "inexpensive and ubiquitous." The great majority of them, quoting Mr. Gallup again, are entertainment of a low grade, titillating and raw. *The Times* is not surprised that poetry does not appear on the lists of best sellers. "Much contemporary poetry by its very nature requires disciplined readers," and with the exception of Mr. Frost and Mr. Eliot it is not a "profitable enterprise." Yet there is a ray of hope for us. "A keen and growing interest in contemporary poetry among the most alert of the young leads to the hope that the next twenty years will see a better reading public for poetry than has been known in this century." Throughout this voluminous, if not encyclopedic, issue of *The Supplement* poetry, like Dickens's King Charles's head, crops up at the least opportunity.

To any reader interested in the earlier products of American writers *The Times* has added an invaluable section labeled "Opinions at the Time." It consists of more than a score of the reviews, in whole or in part, of significant American books printed over the years in *The Literary Supplement*, and includes nearly all of our writers who have since made a claim to fame. If one did not know of the reputation for integrity and acumen of *The Times* reviewers this section alone would leave an indelible impression on the reader's mind. Whether *The Times Supplement* would be willing to be classed with the book-review sections of American newspapers it has labeled as "the common reader's choice" is another story.

At any rate, this remarkable achievement of *The Times* should somehow find its way into the hands of most of us who are concerned with the progress and the future of American literature. It is in a sense a tribute to both countries and to the generosity of our British friends and critics. While there were few thoughtful Americans who believed that our writers were no longer guided by any other source than their own native talent, it is nevertheless encouraging to read *The Times* declaration: "Nothing in the history of twentieth-century opinion is more striking than the change of front which has taken place in respect of American writing, when even thirty years ago voices could be heard to declare that there was no such thing." —H. S.

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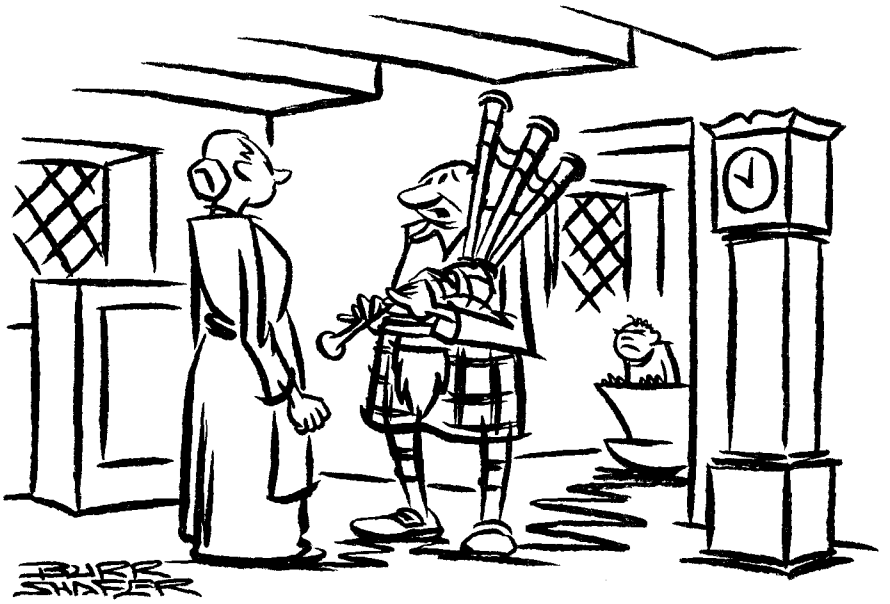
1948 RUSSELL VS. 1954 RUSSELL

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The two letters which follow constitute the record of an important change in opinion of one of the world's most influential thinkers. In May 1948, commenting on a paper of Dr. Walter Marseille of Berkeley, California, Bertrand Russell noted his agreement that an aggressive anti-Soviet policy, even considering a possible World War III, was the proper one for the United States to pursue. Six years later, in "A Prescription for the World"* [SR *Aug. 28, 1954*], *Lord Russell appeared to reject this view; he ruled out any consideration of World War III. Dr. Marseille remarked the discrepancy and sent* SR *the 1948 letter.* SR *then requested Lord Russell to submit his own reasons for this revision in thinking, which he generously consented to do.*

1948: I HAVE READ your paper [Dr. Marseille's] with great interest. I agree entirely with all the underlying assumptions. As soon as Russia rejected the Baruch proposals I urged that all nations favoring international control of atomic energy should form an Alliance, and threaten Russia with war unless Russia agreed to come in and permit inspection. Your proposal is, in effect, the same, for compulsory inspection would be, legally, an act of war, and would be so viewed by the Soviet Government.

During the past year conversations with professional strategists have slightly modified my views. They say that in a few years we shall be in a better position, and that Russia will not yet have atomic bombs; that the economic recovery and military integration of Western Europe should be carried further before war begins; that at present neither air power nor atomic bombs could prevent Russia from overrunning all West Europe up to the Straits of Dover; and that the most dangerous period for us is the next two years. These views may or may not be correct, but at any rate they are those of the best experts.

There are some things of which Europeans are more vividly conscious than Americans. If Russia overruns West Europe, the destruction will be such as no subsequent reconquest can undo. Practically the whole educated population will be sent to labor camps in Siberia or on the shores of the White Sea, where most will die of hardships and the survivors will be turned into animals. (See what happened to the Polish intellectuals.) Atomic bombs, if used, will at first have to be dropped on West Europe, since Russia will be out of reach. The Russians, even without atomic bombs, will be able to destroy all big towns in England, as the Germans would have done if the war had lasted a few months longer. I have no doubt that America would win in the end, but unless West Europe can be preserved from invasion, it will be lost to civilization for centuries.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Something's wrong with our laddie. He's still awake and I've been playing a lullaby for a solid hour."

Even at such a price I think war would be worthwhile. Communism must be wiped out, and world government must be established. But if, by waiting, we could defend our present lines in Germany and Italy, it would be an immeasurable boon. I do not think the Russians will yield without war. I think all (including Stalin) are fatuous and ignorant. But I hope I am wrong about this.

BERTRAND RUSSELL.

Trinity College, Cambridge.

1954: I AM MUCH OBLIGED to the Editor of *The Saturday Review* for giving me this opportunity of explaining why my views on policy towards Russia have changed since the writing of the above letter to Dr. Marseille in 1948.

The main cause in my change of opinion is the shift which has occurred in the balance of forces. In the letter above I say that it would be desirable to postpone war for a time, because in the opinion of such experts as I had been able to consult our military position was likely to improve. In fact, however, the exact opposite has happened. Russia acquired atom and hydrogen bombs much sooner than we expected. China became Communist. Western Europe failed to unite, and Western Germany is not yet rearmed. For all these reasons, of which the Russian possession of the bombs is the most important, it seems to me that a policy which was feasible in the first years after 1945 can now no longer achieve its objects.

Immediately after Hiroshima it seemed obvious that a nuclear war in which both sides were armed with bombs must be avoided if the human race was not to suffer shipwreck. This was the view of the American Government and led to the Baruch Plan. Considering that America at that time had a monopoly of the bomb, the offer of the Baruch Plan was an act of the highest generosity as well as the most statesmanlike wisdom. I thought at that time that perhaps the Russians could be compelled to accept the offer by the threat of war in the event of their continued refusal. Whether such a threat would have been wise became a purely academic question as soon as Russia also had the bombs. The situation now is that we cannot defeat Russia except by defeating ourselves.

Those who still advocate war seem to me to be living in a fool's paradise. I must add, however, that I do not now, any more than at an earlier time, advocate either appeasement or a slackening in rearmament, since either might encourage the Communist powers in aggressive designs and would therefore make war more likely. The problem for statesmanship in the present situation, as I see it, is to avoid war without surrender on our side or the expectation of surrender on the other.

I should not be wholly sincere if I did not admit that my opinions have undergone a change somewhat deeper than that warranted by strategic considerations. The awful prospect of the extermination of the human race, if not in the next war, then in the next but one or the next but two, is so sobering to any imagination which has seriously contemplated it as to demand very fundamental fresh thought on the whole subject, not only of international relations, but of human life and its capabilities. If you were quarrelling with a man about some issue that both you and he had

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thought important just at the moment when a sudden hurricane threatened to destroy you both and the whole neighborhood you would probably forget the quarrel. I think what is important at present is to make mankind aware of the hurricane and forgetful of the issues which had been producing strife. I know it is difficult after spending many years and much eloquence on the evils of Communism or capitalism, as the case may be, to see this issue as one of relative unimportance. But, although this is difficult, it is what both the Soviet rulers and the men who shape the policy of the United States will have to achieve if mankind is to survive. To make such a realization possible is the purpose of the policy which I now advocate.

BERTRAND RUSSELL.

Richmond, Surrey.

MR. REGNERY QUERIES TW

RECENTLY [*SR* Sept. 25] *The Saturday Review* did me the honor of devoting a part of its TRADE WINDS column to some remarks about me and the publishing firm I founded and head. A provincial publisher who is invited to have lunch at "21" by a man who is not only the author of "The Proper Bostonians" but is known by name by the headwaiter should feel, I suppose, that he has experienced about everything. He should have experienced enough, in any case, never to want to appear again in *The Saturday Review*, nor to expose himself to anyone connected with it. In spite of this, I ask your indulgence to be permitted to make a few comments concerning Mr. Cleveland Amory's column.

Mr. Amory, besides describing me as "short, thin, intense, and by no means unpleasant," makes a considerable point of the "controversial" nature of the books I have published. He not only deplores controversy, but goes so far as to equate the controversialist, of which I seem to be one, with the fanatic. To begin with, I don't see anything controversial about much of what I have published; in the second place, I see no necessary connection between controversy and fanaticism —it is, in fact, the fanatic who would stifle all controversy and free discussion.

As examples of my controversial books, Mr. Amory mentions the books I published in answer to Henry Morgenthau's "Germany Is Our Problem" (Harper, 1945), in which Mr. Morgenthau's famous plan to "pastoralize" Germany and reduce its population by some twenty to thirty millions was presented to the public. The two books I published on the subject were by the distinguished English publisher Victor Gollancz. The basis of Mr. Morgenthau's thesis was plain and simple revenge; Mr. Gollancz, on the other hand, based his argument on the sacredness of the human person. It would seem to me that it was the Morgenthau, not the Gollancz, book that was controversial. To say that Mr. Gollancz's books were controversial, in fact, would be to say that a book, for example, which on moral grounds opposed Nazi extermination camps was controversial.

Another book I published had to do with the moral issues raised by political Zionism. In one way, I suppose, this book was controversial, but should it be considered controversial to question a policy by which some 800,000 Arabs were deprived of their homes? Does not, in fact, the labeling of such books as controversial, and by implication everything else I have published, which includes books by William Ernest Hocking, Gabriel Marcel, Allan Tate, Wyndham Lewis, Romano Guardini, say something about the moral confusion of the people who bandy such labels about? And why, finally, is *The Saturday Review* so afraid of honest controversy?

It would interest me greatly to know just what you are attempting to do. Is the ridiculing of publishers to be a regular feature of *The Saturday Review*? Will the heads of Harper's, Macmillan's, Random House be invited to lunch by Mr. Amory, subjected to questions concerning their financial affairs, the business connections of their families, measured, and weighed, all of which to be later spread over the pages of your magazine? Will Mr. Joseph Barnes of Simon and Schuster, or Mr. Angus Cameron, formerly of Little, Brown, now head of his own house, be given the "21" treatment, or is this to be reserved for "controversialists"?

Publishing is a serious profession, and involves responsibilities of a high order. It is, in fact, just about the last refuge for genuine free speech and for nonconformity to a dreary intellectual sterility imposed by the great universities, foundations, and their kept functionaries. Now, I take it, you wish to eliminate even this last refuge of independent thought and expression.

During my luncheon with Mr. Amory it developed that his family and mine were in the cotton textile business. Does the fact that my father was connected with Joanna Western Mills Company, which Amory condescendingly describes as "extremely successful," have anything more to do with the merits of my publishing than the fact that his father was connected with the recently liquidated Naumkeag Steam Cotton Mills has to do with the merits of his writing? And is either fact of interest, or any concern, to the readers of your magazine?

If, finally, *The Saturday Review* is going to categorize and make sweeping generalizations about every firm in the publishing business—which, having started, it is under some obligation to continue—may I suggest that a more qualified person be found than a chronicler of Newport society?

HENRY REGNERY.

Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Amory replies: "Mr. Regnery makes two assumptions: 1) that my column was a personal attack on him, and 2) that I disapprove of controversial books. In both cases his assumptions are incorrect. I do not think my description of him, nor what I thought were some amusing things he said, constitute an attack—indeed, I am genuinely sorry he is so provoked. If I erred in taking him to "21" he may remember that our engagement was originally at another restaurant which happened to be closed that day. As for controversial books, we may disagree as to whether or not there is 'a dreary intellectual sterility imposed by the great universities, foundations, and their kept functionaries,' but I am highly in favor of any controversy, literary or political, as long as it is in good taste and reasonably good-humored. As I see it, the unkept controversialist keeps it so, the kept fanatic does not."*

DISCIPLINE VS. ENTICEMENT

THE EDUCATION ISSUE [*SR* Sept. 11] was particularly interesting in the concrete examples of modern methods given by John Haverstick.

I was impressed by the number of times he used the words "entice" and "encourage" and the phrase "get the child to," while enlarging the theory that the aim of education is to prepare the individual to cope with the stresses and strains of modern life.

I am one of those who feel strongly that we have gone too far with this policy of "enticement." Many of the things which have been done to make learning more vital and personal have been decided improvements. But learning, like all other experiences in life, is not, and cannot be 100 per cent pleasant. Eliminating the word "discipline," which seems to be the greatest shibboleth in the philosophy of modern education, has not contributed to preparing children for the hard realities of life.

Miss Eliza Kellas, headmistress of Emma Willard School from 1911 to 1942, used to say, "Education is learning to do what you have to do when you have to do it whether you want to do it or not." I am not the best example of a product of this philosophy, and it was not until many, many years later that I realized what Latin Prose and Quadratic Equations had contributed to my grasp of language and my habits of reasoning. I could never have been "enticed" into mastering either of them! But in spite of this grief, I learned more about the structure of the universe, standards of artistic values, and creative writing from the great women who taught under Miss Kellas than I gained at any other stage of my education.

MRS. JOHN G. HUPFEL.

New York, N.Y.

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Seeing Things

BAKER THE IRREPLACEABLE

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following will appear as the Introduction to Wisner Payne Kinne's "George Pierce Baker and the American Theatre," soon to be published by the Harvard University Press.*

GEORGE PIERCE BAKER died nineteen years ago. He was born—and this I cannot believe, because he remains so young in my memory—only ten years after Shaw. To be relentless about it, he was born in 1866, the year after Lincoln's assassination. He would have been eighty-eight, a ripe Shavian age, if he were living as I write this introduction. But there was never even a threat of the white-bearded Methuselah about him. In spite of his graying hair he remained a contemporary in spirit, right down to 1933 when illness forced him to resign as head of Yale's Department of Drama.

Professor Baker was one of those rare individuals who must surprise themselves, as they astonish others, by refusing to stand still. He looked forward with the same ease that most people slip backward. Mr. Kinne tells us, again to my amazement, that as a high-school student in Providence Mr. Baker pasted in his scrapbook the obituaries of Longfellow and Emerson, and that at Harvard he heard Matthew Arnold lecture. Notwithstanding the fact that he reached so far back to the giants of another age, was brought up on the theatre of Edwin Booth and Boucicault, and grew to champion for a while the "well-made play" as written by his friends Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones, there was something eternally young, inquiring, and enthusiastic in him which was always rushing ahead of his own generation to make him a part of the generation he happened to be teaching.

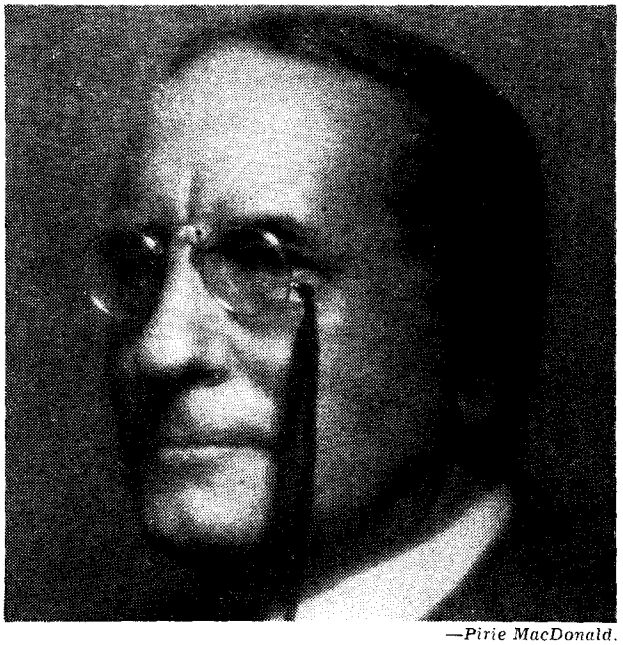
I was a freshman at Harvard when I first heard him lecture in 1919, and it appalls me to realize he was then about the age that I am now. Regardless of the gulf of years which separated us he never seemed old to me nor does he to this day. He was the first person to make me realize that a calendar cannot keep those who share interests from being contemporaries. The youth of his mind and spirit must be counted among the reasons for his profound and lasting influence on our professional and amateur theatre, and hence for the writing of this book.

We are always being told, especially by those whose gifts prove the point, that there is no such thing as an indispensable man. Certainly, the relay race in all human effort continues in spite of the runners who drop out. That this race does—and must—go on is no guarantee that without them it goes on in the same way, that its speed may not be altered, and its course changed. Even so, there are men and women whose places, though taken, cannot be filled. Indispensable in the final sense they may not be, but irreplaceable they are. In the field he made very much his own, Professor Baker was one of these.

All men are many men; Baker was many gifted men. His talents were various and contradictory. It was the incredible combination of them in one person which set him apart, made him the vital force he was, and put him in the ranks of the irreplaceable. Good directors are fairly plentiful. So are admirable scholars, diverting [illegible] instructive lecturers, excellent teachers, discerning critics, and able administrators. Professor Baker was all of these. Moreover, his was the sort of polarizing personality which inspired in people of all kinds and ages a loyalty amounting to discipleship.

Although undergraduates in his courses in the history of the drama may have thought him standoffish, those who worked closely with him in his playwriting classes or in the 47 Workshop knew better. They responded to the inner warmth of this New Englander who could be outwardly chilly. They recognized his rare gift for friendship and valued his praise the more for the Yankee thrift he showed in giving it. They were also gratefully aware that, grave as he could be and dignified as he always was, neither fatigue nor worry nor professordom could extinguish his fundamental gaiety. His blue-gray eyes were always eager to light up with laughter behind his pince-nez, and when he was amused his somewhat portly body shook with merriment.

ALL OF us who studied with Professor Baker at Harvard or at Yale must have memories of him which are technicolor bright. I know I have. I can see and hear him in and out of class, at rehearsals, at dinner, in a conference, or making a before-the-curtain speech at Radcliffe's Agassiz Theatre, and so vividly alive is he for me that I could swear the past is the present. Although I thought I knew him well, I have learned many new and interesting things about him from Mr. Kinne's book. So, I wager, will many others who also thought they knew him well.



—*Pirie MacDonald.*

Baker—"he looked forward with ease."

Shaw once expressed his debt to Archibald Henderson's "authorized biography" of him by saying that until this volume appeared he had been "the victim of a half a dozen reputations which seemed to be hopelessly insulated from one another." He thanked Henderson for having "collected" him and pulled the many Shaws together. This is what Mr. Kinne has done for the various Bakers and the task, even if simpler by far than synthesizing the many Shaws, cannot have been easy.

Every Bakerite, of course, has his own details he could add; is certain to note some names that are omitted, and to be bubbling over with favorite anecdotes which he would have included. This is inevitable in a book

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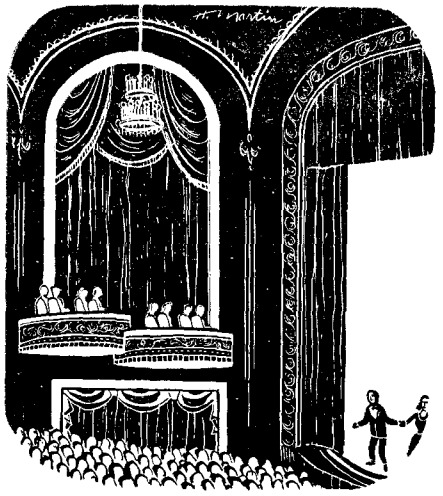

about a man who had so many interests, taught so many students for so many years (thirty-seven at Harvard and eight at Yale), and touched, enriched, and often changed so many lives. Nonetheless, the story is here, told at last with the thoroughness it deserves. It benefits from fresh material ferreted out with energy and affection. It is set against the changing backgrounds of the changing years, and presented so that, while all the various Bakers emerge, Professor Baker himself has been for the first time consolidated in print.

THE final tribute to Mr. Baker is that, though he has gone and his like has not been found, what he dreamed of and worked for is still very much alive in community after community and at college after college. Encouragingly but ironically, in no place is it more alive than at the very Harvard which for years was officially indifferent to him.

It was always easier to admire Professor Baker than to explain the spell he cast or the contribution he made. He happened to have that talent for communication and that genius for igniting others essential to all great teachers. The paradox of his career is that he is best known as a teacher of playwriting, yet he never pretended to teach playwriting at all. His hope was to shorten the apprenticeship of those who met with him by instructing them in what, over the years, had been the commonsense essentials of dramatic technique and to show them how that technique had changed from period to period and from dramatist to dramatist.

Most of the plays his students wrote for him were bad; very bad, I am afraid. If not fantasies of a somewhat emetic sort, they either exuded that gloom in which the young rejoice or were so tough that, as Heywood Broun said, "Nowhere in the world is a woman quite so unsafe as in an English 47 play." As a rule, the good plays that Baker's more famous pupils wrote were written long after they had ceased to work with him. They were helped in writing these good plays because of the patience he showed in dealing with the bad ones they had written for him. As Sidney Howard put it, they wrote them "because he taught his students truths more valid than technique. He taught them that plays are important and hard to write; that few subjects are worthy of dramatization; that characters must be imagined beneath their words; that art is an obligation, not a Sunday suit."

Perhaps the best explanation of Professor Baker's unique service to his embryonic playwrights was given by Eugene O'Neill in the letter Mr. Kinne quotes which appeared in *The New York Times* soon after Mr. Baker's death. O'Neill did not deny that the technical points Professor Baker taught in his classes were "of inestimable value." But he added, "The most vital thing for us, as possible future artists and creators, to learn at that time (Good God! For anyone to learn anywhere at any time!) was to believe in our work and to keep on believing. And to hope. He helped us to hope—and for that we owe him all the finest we have in memory of gratitude and friendship."

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 591

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 591 will be found in the next issue.

FKYG AKYW PTHY

LTFGBANJUB XUTH AKYJU

JCTUW ATFYUB, JLYNIJBAB

NUY NSA AT FNIQ BAUNJZKA

JGAT AKY ZVAAYU.

—I. S. BHJAK.

Answer to No. 590

Very busy people always find time for everything. Conversely, people with immense leisure find time for nothing.—Ernest Dimnet.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Our Old Flame

LAST June producers Feuer and Martin decided to bring the British musical-comedy sensation "The Boy Friend" to Broadway as an experiment. "We will do it exactly as it is in London," said Mr. Martin, "except that we will augment the five-piece orchestra to thirteen."

Thus, the show's original director, Vida Hope, was brought here to make an exact replica of Sandy Wilson's miniature masterpiece. Miss Hope reckoned without the genius of Feuer and Martin. After three tense weeks of rehearsal an issue was made about the casting of the character Madame Dubonnet, who had been written as a refined English actress attempting to play a Frenchwoman and using expressions the French never use such as "Courage, mon brave." For this the author and director had imported an English actress, but the American producers insisted that the original idea was too subtle for American audiences and demanded that the role be changed to a caricature of Irene Bordoni, and that an American actress who once understudied Miss Bordoni be put in the part. When this suggestion was rejected the producers used another method. They barred the director and the author from the theatre and forcibly ejected Mr. Wilson when he tried to attend rehearsal.

A week later "The Boy Friend" opened to unanimous rave notices from the daily critics. Except for the omission of the song "It's Nicer in Nice" from the second act, the surface of the musical comedy was very similar to the original. However, for this reviewer, who saw the London production last March, something a great deal more important than the one song was missing.

Just as Madame Dubonnet had been coarsened, so had that wonderful foursome of English young ladies become cheap burlesques of what the American chorus-girl was reputed to be like in the days of bathtub gin. Instead of being Maisie, Dulcie, Nancy, and Fay, they had lost all individual character to become one joke multiplied by four. Then, out of a much later American period burst an anachronistic young man to break completely the spell of the Twenties. Even the hero and heroine were dotting the English "i" in every trick, and frequently added gestures such as one finds in old publicity stills, but which had no motivation or bore no relation to actual performances of that period.

Also in evidence was the show-biz technique of prolonging or repeating anything that got a laugh. Thus, Maisie's very effective "Safety in Numbers" routine was extended to the point where we applauded the routine and not Maisie.

The relaxed tempo and mellow imperfection of the London production had been made so loud and fast that it was often impossible to hear the lyrics of the songs. The make-up instead of being authentic had been exaggerated to give the girls a doll-like appearance. The dances had the drilled precision and impersonality of the Rockettes. And jokes were punched with an assist from a thud on the bass-drum or a sudden violent back-kick.

Now there are two kinds of discipline in the theatre. The first makes the actors a group of puppets doing mechanically and disconnectedly what they have been told. The other edits the actors' own sense of discipline until characters are created. The former is on exhibit here and seems in fact to be one of the features of 1926 musical comedy that is being ridiculed.

Yet was it like that? As I remember it, the musical-comedy stars of "No, No, Nannette," "Hit the Deck," and "Follow Thru" seemed sincerely to believe in the slightly ridiculous plots they played. So does the cast still playing at London's Wyndham Theatre. And in fairness to the New York cast there are a couple of moments when they too seem to be sincere. One of these comes at the end of Act II, when Polly tells her chums that she will not be going to the Carnival Ball after all. Here she seems genuinely sad. But the moment is not developed as it was in London by having her chums turn away slowly and sorrowfully before breaking into song. Instead they do an abrupt aboutface and without feeling to get a great big laugh.

What Feuer and Martin have done to this show is to make a fast raucous burlesque out of a carefree valentine. Perhaps the ensuing box-office receipts will justify this change, and make these comments seem captious. After all, there still is enough left of the original to make a brilliantly funny evening and, as Larry Hart so beautifully stated it, "caring too much is such a juvenile fancy." Very possibly only those looking for an old sweetheart will find this "Boy Friend" a loudmouthed date who, unlike his British cousin, *knows* he is being the life of the party.

—Henry Hewes.

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Sketches by
Ralph Stein
Doug Anderson

All in The Saturday Review
October 23rd

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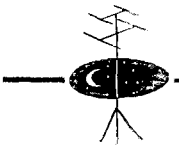


TV AND RADIO

Back to the Mines

FOR the first time in twenty years I have spent four consecutive months having virtually no direct contact with those entertainments which were once so carelessly known as the lively arts and are now called the mass media. This was not a deliberate choice on my part. Reception for TV is not so good where I spent the summer as to encourage the sale of sets and, although I was welcome to watch at a friend's house, I knew that nine times out of ten I should be interrupting conversation and, just as often, I should prefer to listen if not to talk. The movie houses were ten miles away and the two or three pictures I wanted to see came on nights when no one was going or when everyone was doing something more attractive. Radio was fully available and, sitting in the calm eye of Hurricane Edna, I heard my village described as lashed by wind and rain, which it had been and would be again, but just wasn't at the moment. As for crime-books, I picked up a used copy of "Fearless Fosdick" incorporated into "L'il Abner," and my only other contact with the graphic arts was by way of a single-column drawing which the *Herald Tribune* began to print on its editorial page where it stuck out like a bad gag among Alsops and Lippmann and good company.

Some years ago I was struck by a statement made by a critic of the fine arts, Dr. Erwin Panofsky, which I will give in its original form although I think its application now is to television and, in the United State at least, not to movies. Dr. Panofsky wrote:

> If all the lyrical poets, painters, and sculptors now living were forced by law to stop writing poetry or producing art, a very small portion of the general public would become aware of this fact and a still smaller fraction would seriously regret it. But if the same thing were to happen with the movies, there would be the most gruesome of revolutions within a week.

In addition to myself there were here a dozen people accustomed to use their television sets freely, and at least two families whose children were rationed to two hours a day—and who got nothing here. The children were saving their pennies to buy a set for next summer, but even they were not fretful. The revolution did not occur.

Yet I am not sure that it mightn't with a few changed circumstances: winter, in a community more familiar with television, in groups which have lost the habit, very strong here, of meeting for exchange of gossip and opinion and the sheer pleasure of one another's company. For, while I experienced nothing directly, it seemed to me that the mass media, and television in particular, kept absorbing more and more of the page-one headlines in the newspapers, from the quarrel over TV in the second McCarthy hearing to the story of the Michigan couple who told Garry Moore that they liked to stand on their own feet and asked no financial help. (Perhaps recognizing this as a subtle attack on the TV-giveaway program, Moore invited the audience to pelt these independent folks with nickels and the response ran to about 100,000 separate coins over the weekend with the possibility of a final take of $100,000. The frightening power of suggestion over the air could not be more strikingly demonstrated, and a medium of communication to which an audience is so responsive must be very close to the center of society.)

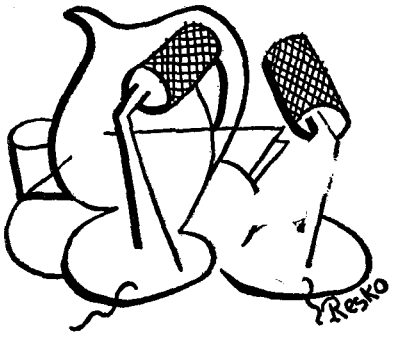
I have said that I wanted to see some movies, and this was because I knew the merits of the writers or directors or players; it struck me then as singular that the resumption of the regular TV schedule with its new programs and the return of the good old ones left me relatively indifferent. Perhaps something is wrong with the publicity. Perhaps something is wrong with the program-planners. I gather from critical reviews that a program called "Medic" started off with more than average integrity, taste, and intelligence; all I knew in advance was that it was "Dragnet" in white coats. Except that it is serious, the advance billing made it sound like the film series about a girl reporter, the film series about a girl attorney (with the abundantly talented June Havoc—still I'm not drawn to it), and a film series about Lassie (unless you want one about Rin-Tin-Tin). There is also one about a mother-in-law in search of romance (and it isn't Helen Trent) and one about a college president who, I bet, finds it.

These things may turn out better than they sound, but the sound is important because it beats in our ears. It means routine and formula and playing safe and it sends us to the opposite pole, to the novelties. The great novelty of the coming season is of course the occurrence of certain programs once a month or so. I am not good enough a mathematician to keep the various NBC "spectaculars" separate, but I know they are off the regular beat. The CBS "Best of Broadway" is also to be a monthly show, which means that this part of the formula—same time, same station (with its ominous overtone of same stories, same jokes)—this at least has been broken off. It is something, because psychologically the regular beat has encouraged the producers to create programs that fell into the same rhythm and, actually, audiences have been conditioned to want the same thing and to want it at the accustomed time.

I CONFESS that nothing in these super-programs struck me as exceptional beyond the amount of money spent on them and the number of stars accumulated by them. It still seems odd to me that some newspaper reviewers took a tone of angry disappointment at the Betty Hutton-Max Liebman show (not knowing in whom they were more disappointed I put the billing where the average spectator would, with the star first). They were promised $300,000 worth of spectacle with a come-on for color, and by every report that is exactly what they got. I don't know how much of the budget went for ideas, story, music, and other secondary items. The advertisements said the spectaculars were going to "restore TV" as a "conversation piece." The last conversation piece I saw advertised as such was a branding iron which put "hi-ya" or words to that effect on a piece of toast; but the thought that television had ceased to be a subject of conversation (on the word of a network, too) strikes me as appalling. Perhaps what's wanted is a good show—and it wouldn't surprise me if Mr. Liebman is one of the boys who will provide it.

By doing so he will make me want desperately to see television again—and, as I return to a big city almost as soon as I dispatch these words to the editor, I will soon discover whether four months of abstention has or has not ruined my taste forever.

—GILBERT SELDES.



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Gerald Moore—"sound musical purpose."

to water," with its well-planted laugh. Then, there was an apt illustration of the important place words have in an accompanist's treatment of a song, in terms of a Wolf example called "Bitt' ihn, O Mutter" ("Beg him, O mother," an apostrophe for mother to prevent daughter from being hit by Cupid's arrow). This had to do with a young lady accompanist who chose the song as something in which to demonstrate her prowess to Moore. Her mood seemed all set for a lunge at the piano (despite the supplicating nature of the music) when Moore asked: "Do you know what these words mean?" "Yes," the girl replied confidently. "O mother, bite him."

It may not be considered proper for so much that is enjoyable to be alloyed with so much that is informative, but there are too few Moores in the world for us to quibble about propriety. It is all so well done, with such skill and taste and sound musical purpose as to constitute one of the really professional discourses of our time. A Borge audience may laugh louder, but hardly more often—with the laughs here, after all, but the icing on a cake of decidedly nourishing properties.

There was, I would say, only one deviation from very good sense and musical effect through the part of the program I heard (about two-thirds of the whole). This was an arrangement of Schubert's "An die Musik," by Moore himself, as a solo to close the first half of the program. I share his feeling that it is one of the greatest of songs which few people sing well, but the arrangement is not a distinguished one and his performance did not make the effect intended. Not, at least, with me. —IRVING KOLODIN.

UP BY YOUR BOOTSTRAPS

Lick Those Defects!

"The Magic of Believing," by ***Claude M. Bristol*** *(Prentice-Hall. 245 pp. $3.95) and* ***"TNT: The Power Within You," by Claude M. Bristol*** *(Prentice-Hall. 238 pp. $3.95), are books of inspiration that hundreds of thousands of Americans say they are finding helpful. John Haverstick takes a quizzical look at them in the essay below.*

By John Haverstick

THAT segment of literature known to the trade as "inspirational stuff" is graced with such widely recognized names as Mary Baker Eddy, Thomas Edison, and Benjamin Franklin. To them, for better or for worse, must now be added a new one, that of Claude M. Bristol. In the past half dozen years Mr. Bristol's inspirational stuff has met with astonishing success. It has sold more than 300,000 copies and has received as many testimonial letters as—if not more than—any recent book in history. Prentice-Hall, publishers of Mr. Bristol's two books, "The Magic of Believing" and "TNT: The Power Within You," have letters to prove it.

"It may interest you to know," says one of these letters, "that through using your great book I was elected treasurer of Multinomah County [Oregon]. I spent only $7.50 for 1,000 cards whereas my opponent spent a great deal of money. . . . I did absolutely no electioneering. . . . The only thing I did was to try to reach the subconscious mind of the voters . . . and ask them to consider me on election day."

Just the other day the eminent pianist Wladziu Valentino Liberace admitted to his vast and admiring public that he owed his Hollywood Bowl-filling personality to a dynamic reading of Mr. Bristol's "The Magic of Believing."

Both of Mr. Bristol's books have been phenomenal sellers. "The Magic of Believing," published in 1948, has sold 270,000 copies (originally at $2.95 a copy, but since its success, $3.95). "TNT—The Power Within You," published posthumously last June (with a little writing help from Harold Sherman, a boy's book writer turned inspirational writer), has so far sold a comfortable 30,000 copies, and now stands seventh on the national best-seller lists and tenth in *SR*'s Library Poll. Yet, until very recently the country as a whole has been abominably ignorant of the name Claude M. Bristol, which seems rather too bad in the light of Mr. Bristol's own version of his life as he tells it in his books.

According to his own accounts, Mr. Bristol was in his youth a police reporter trained to get facts and "accept nothing for granted." Through the magic of his own believing he became a lawyer, investment banker, and world traveler. It was first in France, during World War I, when he was a reporter for *Stars and Stripes* that he became interested in what he liked to call "mind stuff" and it was much later, during the Depression of 1929, that he became aware of his own power to further himself.

Of his experience in France he has written. "During that period [as a result of being separated from his headquarters] I was without money to buy gum, candy, cigarettes, and the like, as the few dollars I had before sailing had been spent at the transport's canteen to relieve the monotony of the ship's menu. Every time I saw a man light a cigarette or chew a stick of gum the thought came that I was without money to spend on myself. Certainly, I was eating and the Army clothed me and provided me with a place on the ground to sleep, but I grew bitter because I had no spending money and no way of getting any. One night en route to the forward area on a crowded troop train when sleep was out of the question I made up my mind that when I returned to civilian life 'I would have a lot of money.' The whole pattern of my life was altered at that moment."

THIS preoccupation with money flows through most of Mr. Bristol's writing and, naturally enough, has had its effect on his readers.

"Since I was forty-three, broke, and needing food for the family, I have made $100,000 by right thinking," one of his admirers has written. "Most of it is in paid-up insurance and annuities. I have sold my business, which cost me $5,000 (originally borrowed), for $30,000 and now

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am working on a contract to run for the next ten years which will net me $50,000 if I loaf, and more if I care to work."

The failure which had overtaken this reader could almost be an account of Mr. Bristol's own failure at about that age. For by the time the Depression hit him Mr. Bristol was indeed a sorry man.

"I was baffled," Mr. Bristol has written. "Several times I talked about getting out of the business; and one day, in the latter part of June 1931. I made up my mind to leave. I mentioned this to one of the women with whom I had been associated in business for several years and saw nothing but reproach in her eyes. That night I tried to sleep. Again I found it impossible. I paced the floor for hours—when at about 3:30 in the morning I suddenly stopped and sat down. I was face to face with myself. I could follow the inclination to run and leave the others to carry on by themselves, or I could stay and do my share, a duty which I knew was mine. . . .

"Suddenly there appeared to be an unfoldment! *Out of thin air!* Out of the air came a voice saying: *"What have you been looking for all these years? What were you taught? What did you learn? Where have you been? Where are you going?"*

"I jumped to my feet, crying: 'I know it. I've got it now. It's the secret. . . . It is the Royal Secret, too'."

THE SECRET which Mr. Bristol has so far shared with a conservative total of 300,000 men and women is, mildly speaking, a humdinger. It is, basically, this in Mr. Bristol's own words: "Whatever you picture, within reason, can come true in your life *if* you have sufficient faith in the power within! That's your TNT—a mental image of what you want and the faith that you can and will get it!"

To question it would be considered near-heresy on the part of his reading public, for there are times when Mr. Bristol rubs this secret in hard. "Tap, tap, tap," Mr. Bristol (and now Mr. Sherman) is fond of writing. "Take a little time. Like a little drop of water, tap—tap—tap, TNT will wear away your old fears and doubts and prejudices, making room for new ideas, new concepts, new truths. Tap—tap—tap: it is opportunity knocking at the door of your mind . . ." To question Mr. Bristol's power of style would also be to question the power of some of our greatest writers, for he is also fond of quoting little helps from the past. "The fault, dear Brutus," he has quoted from Shakespeare, "is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings."

To this end Mr. Bristol has shown a remarkable interest in mirrors and in writing notes to **oneself**. "**Picture**, picture, picture," **he has written**, "your goals." For, the idea is, they will come true. *"Write it down!"* he says. "I recommend as a visualization of the things you want, in order to keep them uppermost in your thoughts, that you write a word picture of them on small cards, so you can have them where you can look at them as frequently as possible. . . . Some men and women keep a large envelope labeled 'My Heart's Desires' in which they keep written statements of what they want. . . . They put aside certain times during the day or evening when they get off by themselves and reread and reflect upon the different written expressions of heartfelt desires. They also check each one, and take inventory to see if they have made progress toward their respective goals. When they reach a certain objective they mark the case 'closed' . . ." He has also written, "I will—I will—I will—I will! Say this to yourself again and again, and mean it! Look into the mirror and say it. . . ." It was, presumably, when Liberace was looking into his mirror and saying "I will—I will—I will" that he got his greatest impetus toward success.

That most of the successes which he reports are purely materialistic does not seem to have bothered Mr.

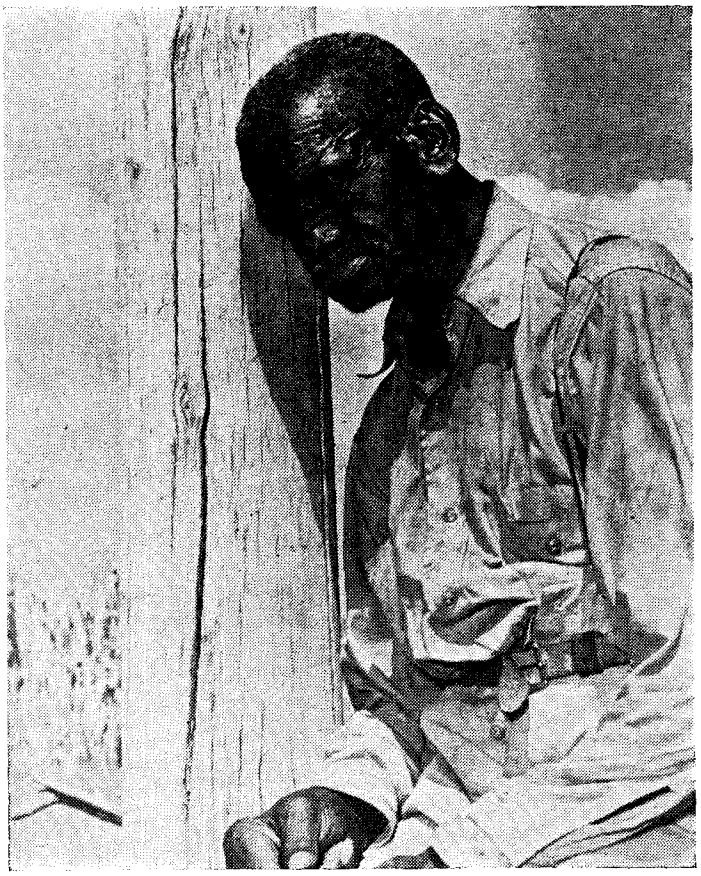

PHOTO AWARDS: Sleep has always attracted photographers. "Sleeping Beauty" on the left was taken by Crane Haussamen, of Westport, Connecticut, with a Rolleiflex, while gliding down Venice's Grand Canal in a gondola. "Sleepin' in De Noonday Sun," on the right, was snapped along a rural road in Alabama by J. C. Condon, of Tuscaloosa, with an Eastman Kodak Chevron. Both these pictures are entries in *The Saturday Review*'s World Travel Photo Awards. Among the twenty-seven prizes offered for winning photographs is a fifteen-day, expense-paid holiday in Europe arranged by Pan-American World Airways. Deadline is October 15. For details write Photo Contest, *The Saturday Review*, 25 West 45th Street, N. Y., N. Y.

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Bristol at all. In his second book he has dwelt a great deal on the power of visual thought to attain specific houses for those who desire them, and there seem to be at least a half-dozen examples of people who have had these desires and then discovered, somewhere, just exactly the house they were picturing—with an owner all ready to move out. There are even times when Mr. Bristol's cup has overflowed. He has told of another woman among his admirers who wanted most of all to get a trip to Europe but had no money for it. Eight months after talking to her he received a letter from Europe. "I'm here," the woman reported. "It worked, just as you said it would. Only I had to get married to do it!" "How wonderful," Mr. Bristol has written, " 'that something' within brought her not only a trip to Europe, but a husband, too!"

The first that Mr. Bristol's publishers-to-be heard of Mr. Bristol's secret was some fifteen years after the Depression when a manuscript from him was delivered by his agent, Merton S. Yewdale, an old-time editor for book houses. In fact, nobody at Prentice-Hall has ever met Mr. Bristol—nor has Mr. Yewdale. Since he is now dead, he must always remain a somewhat shadowy figure around the Prentice-Hall offices. Their communications with him were always by mail or through Mr. Yewdale. But an editor at Prentice-Hall at that time, Gorham Munson, an old hand at inspirational magazines during the Twenties, recognized the appeal of the manuscript. He also fought off other editors who had wanted to tamper with what they considered its excesses—the ability to influence the fall of the dice by concentrating, the ability to find a parking space by concentrating on another car until it moved, and the ability to increase retail store sales by his methods of TNT.

IT WAS this last claim for which Prentice-Hall can be most grateful and which has probably become the biggest bonanza that can be credited to Mr. Bristol's method. There was, of course, one particularly fortunate accident in the sales of the Bristol books. The fortunate accident was the fact that his wife was at that time the buyer for one of the largest bookstores in the West, the J. K. Gill Company of Portland, Oregon, and what followed was straight out of "The Magic of Believing." For the store caught the magic. They ordered 5,000 copies, and the head of the store vowed that he could sell them all by using Mr. Bristol's own methods of visualizing his goal.

The manager of the store made sure that every clerk read the book. This put the clerks into the proper high-pressure frame of mind. As a result one clerk, believing in its success, told a prospective purchaser, who was the district manager of a nationally-known insurance company, that after *he* had read the book he would return to buy more copies. Two days later the district manager returned and ordered twenty copies for *his* salesmen. To insure the proper visual approach the bookstore painted footsteps on the sidewalk entering the store. At the door the prospective customer was greeted by a clerk who handed out a slip of paper which said, "You *are* going to buy a copy of 'The Magic of Believing' today."

Then things began to happen. The store supplied a player in a local golf tournament with a copy of the book. He won and, true to form, said the book had cut ten strokes from his game. They encouraged the local ministers to preach about the book, and that Sunday the Rev. Dr. D. C. DeGroot preached on "Releasing Hidden Powers." In the days that followed a group of high-school girls came into a newspaper office to say that they were getting more dates because they had read Mr. Bristol's book.

In one year the J. K. Gill Company sold not 5,000 but 8,000 copies of "The Magic of Believing," and Prentice-Hall, seeing its opportunity, ran ads in the trade magazines showing the manager of that bookstore, with a dynamic fire in his eyes which Mr. Bristol himself must have approved, saying, "I will sell at least ———— copies of 'The Magic of Believing' this year. I will be glad to tell any bookseller who wants to write to me how he may do the same."

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

THREE-IN-ONERS

An iambic pentameter line containing only three words is uncommon but findable. Here are ten such, the product of as many British and American poets who knew a polysyllable when they saw one. Smidgins of context are given to help out. Four correct identifications of poet and opus can be regarded as unreprehensible, five as highly commendable, and six or better as completely incredible. Answers on page 38.

1. . . . the inviolable Saints
In cubic phalanx firm advanced entire
Invulnerable, impenetrably armed.

2. . . . too blind to see
The crown that burns on thine immortal head
Of indivisible supremacy.

3. Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.

4. . . . out of his
Miraculous inviolable increase
Fills Ilion, Rome, or any town you like
Of olden time with timeless Englishmen.

5. . . . so dare we venture thee,
Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it.

6. Angels, archangels, principalities.

7. Necessity's unchanging harmony.

8. And next, with banners, each in his degree,
Deputed representatives arow
Of every separate state of Tuscany.

9. Usumcasane and Theridamas,
Is it not passing brave to be a king,
And ride in triumph through Persepolis?

10. . . . some poor demoniac
Wandering about the fields, and uttering
His unintelligible blasphemies.

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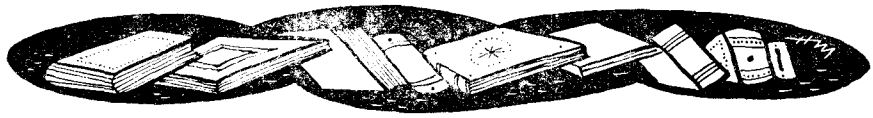
Just Published



MANY of the books described below which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of limitations of space, will be given more extended notice in forthcoming numbers.

AND GOD CAUGHT AN EEL. By Ethel F. Blaisdell. Coward-McCann. $3.50. A biography of the Reverend Charles Thurber, who is now ninety, and has been Methodist chaplain of the Seaman's Bethel in New Bedford for forty-four years. Before that, he was a man of the sea, and is one of the last living links, the author feels, with the age of whaling.

THE BIG BALL OF WAX. By Shepherd Mead. Simon & Schuster. $3.50. Clairvoyance, by the author of such rib-chippers as "Tessie, The Hound of Channel One" and "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying," about something called XP, which, as the successor of Cinerama, projects the audience physically into what it is watching. The year is 1992.

CLAUDIE'S KINFOLKS. By Dillon Anderson. Little, Brown & Co. $3.75. The further adventures of Claudie, a manual laborer who sings bass, and who goes to Texas to see about some relatives. A continuation of "I and Claudie."

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF CHILD CARE AND GUIDANCE. Edited by Sidonie Matsner Gruenberg. Doubleday & Co. $7.50. A gigantic work, incorporating in its first two-thirds thousands of alphabetical entries info on everything from "splinter" to "smoking," and in its last third a collection of essays on child-raising by such authorities as Barbara Biber, Margaret Mead, Benjamin Spock, and Anna Wolf.

EPICS OF THE WESTERN WORLD. Translated by Arthur E. Hutson and Patricia McCoy. J. B. Lippincott Co. $5.50. Epics for everybody, freely translated, shortened, and enlivened by the editors, and including such old leviathans as "The Iliad," "The Odyssey," "The Song of Roland," "The Divine Comedy," "The Cid," "The Lusiads," and "Paradise Lost."

FIFTY YEARS IN CHINA. By John Leighton Stuart. Random House. $5. The autobiography of a man who, as a missionary, diplomat, and scholar, has spent the great part of the past fifty years in China. Mr. Stuart, besides telling his life story here, makes it plain that he is firmly behind the Nationalists, and says our vacillations caused the collapse before the Communists of Chiang's pest-ridden Government.

THE FORMATION OF THE SOVIET UNION. By Richard Pipes. Harvard University Press. $6.50. A study of the founding and building of the USSR.

FREE LOVE AND HEAVENLY SINNERS. By Robert Shaplen. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.95. A retelling of what happened when it was discovered, in the 1870s, that Brooklyn's popular Reverend Henry Ward Beecher was a man of mighty loves and that one of his parishioners, a married woman, mother of four, and the wife of his best friend, had succumbed to those rolling passions.

GO IN PEACE. By Loyal Davis. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50. A venerable, beloved, goldhearted country doctor discovers that his love of forty years is dying of cancer of the stomach. She begs him to put her away. He flies up in tears. He goes to the city to find a young man to take over his practice. Again, when he returns, she begs him. He administers the fatal hypo, and drops dead of a heart attack. A novel.

HOCKSHOP. By William R. Simpson & Florence K. Simpson with Charles Samuels. Random House. $3.75. An account of the life (1822-1938) and times of an extraordinary pawnshop which was owned for five generations by the same family and which traded with such notables as John L. Sullivan, Mrs. McLean, a Gypsy king, and others.

I SURVIVED. By Godfrey Lias. John Day Co. $3.75. An account, written by a reporter, of the adventures endured by an Austrian soldier named Pepi, who spent ten years being shuttled back and forth across the Soviet Union as a prisoner.

IT'S STILL SPINACH. By Elizabeth Hawes. Little, Brown & Co. $3.95. A reverberant hiss about the evils of fashion as dictator, by a lady who has been marching around those walls some years now. Miss Hawes is a sturdy advocate of no cosmetics, no hats, no gloves, sleeping in a sheet, and —Lord preserve us—no bras.

JOURNEY WITHOUT RETURN. By Raymond Maufrais. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3.50. A diary kept by a young French explorer who went alone into the jungles of French Guiana. He lost his life, but this record, which he began keeping before he left home, was found by natives at his last camping place.

LEOPARDS AND LILIES. By Alfred Duggan. Coward-McCann. $3.50. A new book by a highly skilled historical novelist. Here, Mr. Duggan recounts the comings and goings of Margaret, a lady who is husbanded twice, among other things. The tale covers those nine years that elapse between 1215 and 1224. The place is England, and the monarchs in view King John and Henry III.

THE MAGNIFICENT MITSCHER. By Theodore Taylor. W. W. Norton & Co. $5. A biography of an indomitable man named Pete Mitscher, who became head of all Naval air operations in the Pacific in the last war, and afterward turned down Forrestal's offer to become Chief of Naval Operations.

MODERN PRINTS AND DRAWINGS. By Paul J. Sachs. Alfred A. Knopf. $7.50. A study of draughtsmanship from the time of Goya to the time of Steinberg, who can outdraught anyone except George Price. There are 286 reproductions.

MORE STORIES BY FRANK O'CONNOR. By Frank O'Connor. Alfred A. Knopf. $5. A collection of twenty-nine stories, sixteen of which have not been published before in book form, and thirteen of which are revised versions of stories from previous collections.

MY HERO. By Donald R. Richberg. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5. An immodest autobiography by a Chicago-Washington lawyer who has had service of some sort under every President from Teddy R. to Truman. He was once a partner of another shy fellow, Harold Ickes.

MY ONE HUNDRED CHILDREN. By Bernard E. Bain and Dale Kramer. Simon & Schuster. $3. An account of a children's home (for those poor sprites whose parents cannot afford to keep them) near Lynchburg, West Virginia, told by its head to Dale Kramer.

NANGA PARBAT. By Dr. Karl Herrligkoffer. Translated by Eleanor Brockett and Anton Ehrenzweig. Alfred A. Knopf. $5. A history of one of the highest (26,620) and most withering mountains in the world, which claimed thirty-one victims before it was finally conquered last year. The author was a member of the expedition.

ONE WHITE STAR. By Gladys Hasty Carroll. The Macmillan Co. $3.50. A study of the complexities of the relationship between a mother and her daughter. The setting is New England.

PAGANINI. By Renee de Saussine. Translated by Marjorie Laurie. McGraw-Hill Book Co. $4.50. A biography, the only one available, of Paganini, the nineteenth-century, Genoa-born violinist, who could execute double stops with both hands behind his back, and who was the marvel and despair of hundreds of women as well as the acquaintance of such as Beethoven, Berlioz, Liszt, and Lipinsky.

THE PEARL SEEKERS. By Norman Bartlett. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5. Designed for sippings on wind-scurried winter eves, this is a history of the pearl industry as it has developed in Western Pacific waters from the days when Captain Bligh trumpeted up and down his poop to the present where, although still a going concern, real pearls have been heavily replaced on the world's market by cultured ones.

THE SACRED FOREST. By Pierre D. Gaisseau. Translated by Stephen Becker. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.75. An account of a recent trip into the jungles of French Guinea by four Frenchmen, who took along cameras and a recording machine, and have brought back some of the sights and sounds of one of that region's most primitive tribes.

SHOCKING LIFE. By Elsa Schiaparelli. E. P. Dutton & Co. $4. The autobiography of the Italian-born dress designer (in the old days: fish on the bellies of bathing suits) and perfume maker, who, though rich, considers herself disturbed and unhappy.

SICILY—SALERNO—ANZIO: June 1953-June 1954. By Samuel Eliot Morison. Little, Brown & Co. $6. Volume Nine of Professor Morison's staggering history of U. S. Naval Operations in World War II. Here he picks up where he left off in Volume Two and tells of the Italian campaign, which was to prove one of the bloodiest of the war.

SOLDIER OF FORTUNE. By Ernest K. Gann. William Sloane Assoc. $3.50. Mr. Gann, who may still be counting his receipts from "The High and the Mighty," has brought forth another mixture of blood-thrilling and heart-softening. This time, he tells of a wife hunting for her adventurer husband, who has vanished in Hong King, island of mystery. She finds him.

STARS AT NOON. By Jacqueline Cochran. Little, Brown & Co. $4.50. The autobiography of the aviatrix, who, besides having done some notable things in the sky, has risen from a poor background in the South, married Floyd Odlum, a skybird himself, dabbled in the cosmetics trade, and met everybody from the Pope to FDR.

SWEET AND SOUR. By John O'Hara. Random House. $3. A collection of some thirty pieces taken from a column Mr. O'Hara wrote in the *Trenton [N.J.] Times-Advertiser*. They deal with everything from publishers' blurbs to Irishmen.

THE TEMPTATION OF ROGER HERIOTT. By Edward Newhouse. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3. A novel, by one of our best short-story writers, about a trammeled soul named Roger Heriott, a once poor sheep of a wealthy family, who finds his present comfortable position threatened by the massive uncle who gave it to him, and decides, instead of hangdogging it around, to give the old boy a couple of one-twos.

THE UNITED STATES IN A CHANGING WORLD. By James P. Warburg. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.75. A study of the evolution of our foreign policy from the days when the Colonists were peppering King George's Redcoats to today where John Foster Dulles goes rummaging about the world in search of answers.

THE VIOLATORS. By Israel Beckhardt and Wenzell Brown. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.75. An account, by a probation officer, of the circumstances behind some twenty-seven criminal cases, including murder, narcotics, sex offending, etc.

WHAT DID IT MEAN? By Angela Thirkell. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.95. The newest volume in Miss Thirkell's miniscule history of England's wicket and tea set. In this one, her people are involved in the recent Coronation.

—WHITNEY BALLIET.

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IDEAS ON FILM

Edinburgh Festival Notes

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Last month the eighth International Film Festival was held in Edinburgh, three full weeks of films in what is most generally called the documentary tradition. The American director Helen Grayson reports informally on new films that caught her attention there. Earlier this year* [SR *March 13*] *Miss Grayson wrote about films she had seen in Paris.* —C. S.

TWO weeks of films gone, one to go . . . films of every sort from everywhere, and the men who made them . . . screenings twice and sometimes three times a day . . .Between screenings speeches and discussions—in English with a variety of accents if the group is large, while two or three may argue in Dutch, Hindi, Serbo-Croat, French . . .

Yet more than one first visitor has been impressed by the quiet assurance and natural dignity of the occasion. It can be accounted for by the concept that inspires the directors of the Festival: the concept of film-making as a public service. It spans John Grierson, the Scotsman who proposed it to a British Government agency twenty-five years ago; the film-makers he has guided in the cause of public enlightenment, and the Festival audience today. The people of Edinburgh fill more than half the seats and charge the auditorium air with critical expectance. It gives the pictures that flow across the screen a moment of intense significance.

This Festival, which started eight years ago as an exhibition of realist, documentary, and experimental films, now excludes no category and no film if it shows originality or imagination, if it provides some truth, some revelation. But the loyalty is to shorts. Here, if nowhere else, they can be seen in quantity. They claim the Festival's interest by tradition. The films are programmed for balance, not according to national origin or style. To the viewer the crossweaving of values, of responses of living subtly recall a deeper truth: all people, Greek or Eskimo, Argentine or Bakiga, may enjoy each other when they discover through their differences the simple, essential feelings they share as members of the human race. They also seem to share a capacity for making films of unequal merit. Certainly no part of the world has the monopoly of bad films. That some are accepted for the Festival can only be explained by international good-will or a desire to encourage young film industries.

Some films gave intense delight and continue to dazzle the memory. **"Coral"** (by Colin Low and Wolf Koenig for the Canadian National Film Board) is the perfect visual communication of an action sequence, the roping, saddling, and riding of a half-broken horse. Surrounded by the prairie and the herd, the cowboy and the horse perform a drama that has formal, classical simplicity. Indeed, for the climax of this wordless contest the hitching-post functions in the role of the Greek chorus. Breaking their pull on the rope, it stands impartial between the struggling protagonists. Throughout the strumming of a guitar is heard, casual yet so faithful to the action that it suggests improvisation.

"Jazz Dance" (by Roger Tilton and Richard Leacock in New York) conveys another intense physical experience through agile handling of the camera and brilliant cutting. In "Coral" close-ups and choke shots in quick succession induce sympathetic tensions in the spectator as they catch the action of nerves and muscles. In "Jazz Dance" when they're directed on flashing details of crowd, of instruments, musicians, dancers, the shots exude heat and smoke-filled air, the aftertaste of cigarettes and beer, the mounting dizziness. In the Dutch **"Lekko,"** Herman van der Horst's vigorous tribute to fishermen and the sea, the skin is lashed by cold spray and salt-laden wind.

IN **"A Time Out of War"** (from the United States) there is no activity to speak of, and yet its twenty minutes are fully employed to unveil the tragedy of war. The point is eloquently made. Denis Sanders, the writer and director, used characters and dialogue, setting and pace to make quiet implications. One afternoon during the Civil War two Union soldiers and one Confederate are sniping at each other across a narrow river. They are hot and weary. Their shots miss but their idle words connect them. They agree to a brief truce, and one soldier goes fishing among the reeds. The occasion seems commonplace enough and what follows, though deeply moving, is casual. One believes it all—and so, one feels, did the actors. But the picture's distinction can be attributed to the director's evident confidence in the power of this small episode. He dared to keep his story simple and to tell it slowly and quietly.

Among the films on graphic art, John Read's studies for BBC Television, **"Walter Sickert"** and **"Graham Sutherland,"** were by far the most rewarding. They prove that the screen can do for painting what the radio

—From "A Time out of War."

". . . war's point is eloquently made."

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has done for music appreciation, that art criticism can be as discerning on film as on the printed page and much easier to grasp. Analysis and interpretation have become visual, the example is seen as the comment is made, influences are shown next to their result. When the creative process, the inspiration, and the purpose are demonstrated and explained modern art becomes significant. Provided, of course, that the film essayist treats his subject with discrimination, and presents it as unpretentiously and clearly as John Read has done here.

"Gate of Hell," the Japanese feature, is a magnificent blend of highly-finished parts. Its Eastman color has been acclaimed because of the harmony, brilliant or subdued, of every shot. One suspects that Kohei Sugiyama, the "Director of Photography," disguised any film-color deformation by composing with the deformation in mind. The triangle of the story is set in the clan wars and imperial rivalries of twelfth-century Japan. The theme is passion breaking into the order of prescribed behavior. The code, social and moral, is the silent force against which the characters break. It is felt through the pure elegance of Japanese architecture, through the grandeur and nobility of costumes, the subtle formality of the actors' movements even in moments of violence. No close-ups and no camera movements destroy the quality of stateliness and dignified detachment. Teinosuke Kinugasa, the director, understood the dramatic use of style.

OTHER films, seen separately, come to mind grouped according to manner, purpose, or origin.

Two Russian features were happily devoid of propaganda. **"Chuk and Gek"** is a relaxed and cosy account of how two bouncing little boys went on a train ride to the snowcovered northern wilds. **"Trio Ballet,"** in Sovcolor, is to my knowledge the most successful presentation of Ulanova and other great Russian dancers. Choreography, settings, and costumes are traditional and sometimes dull or ugly, but the dancing, seen from the stage, is superb.

In the established sense of putting reality in film and with a meaning, the documentary is finely served by the Canadian National Film Board. There are freshness of attack, vigor, and imagination in **"Paul Tomkowicz,"** the portrait-sketch of a street-car switchman; **"The Stratford Adventure,"** on the launching of the Canadian Shakespeare Festival; and **"Shop Steward,"** his role in the day-to-day problems of a factory. The discussion that **"What Do You Think?"** is designed to set off in a teen-age school group is so convincingly begun in the film that one is tempted to add one's voice to the argument while the picture is on the screen.

The winner of the Venice Grand Prix for Documentary, **"Back of Beyond,"** by John Heyer, is an unforgettable description of the Australian desert and its few inhabitants. It is carried by the mailman's fortnightly journey over 330 miles. Except for two extraneous sequences it is admirably constructed out of commonplace events, objects, and sounds that spell out desolation, hardship, and fortitude.

In Puerto Rico's **"The Bridge,"** a small rural community meets the problem of river floods. Although events are reenacted they have the ring of immediate truth but, more remarkable still, the picture is almost silent. It has no commentary and no dialogue except when talk is the object—at a meeting, for example. Amilcar Tirado directed it, and his quick cutting of close-ups and choke-shots catches the sincerity on the players' faces, expressing reactions and feelings without the use of words.

"Man of Africa," produced by John Grierson and directed by Cyril Frankel for Group 3, is a courageous venture. It describes native Africans not in the customary coverage of unrehearsed group activities but as individuals in a particular situation. It entrusts a series of difficult episodes to non-professional actors, the Bakiga people, and the pygmies of Uganda. It takes the bush as location and works wild animals into its plot. In addition it is photographed in Ferraniacolor, with generally handsome results. Out of all this it makes an awkward but touching human document combining the hardships of settlement on virgin land with problems of social prejudice.

Among the documentary entries from the United States, Willard Van Dyke's **"American Frontier"** (an account of the discovery of oil in North Dakota) stands out by virtue of its firm yet sensitive direction, fine photography, and musical score. **"Via Port of New York,"** directed by Henwar Rodakiewicz, is notable for its clear presentation of the port's numerous and complex services, its fine coverage, and color photography. In **"The Canada Goose"** Larry Madison lightly and tenderly catches nesting and hatching scenes in a Technicolor record of the bird's life cycle, mercifully omitting its sad end as target for the hunter.

Films produced by Shell Film Units to inform on a given physical phenomenon, technical development, or scientific fact have the organization and precision, the self-contained and functional quality of a beautiful machine. **"The Search for Oil"** and **"Changing Earth"** were made by Bert Haanstra for Dutch Shell; they explain the nature, presence, and discovery of oil. **"Powered Flight,"** by Stuart Legg for British Shell, is a vivid outline of aviation history compiled from moving-picture records.

The best French (one Belgian) exhibits among the shorts were either objective, relying entirely for their interest on the interest of their subject and its clear presentation, or subjective and poetical. In the first group **"Emperor Penguins"** (described in my *SR* March 13 report under its original title, "Aptenodytes Fosteri"), was as usual joyfully received. **"Lumière,"** directed by Paul Paviot, revives the man, his period, and moving-picture history in a finely varied and balanced selection of aspects of his life. **"Rediscovered Harmonies,"** by Lucien Deroisy, is impressive because of its successful reliance on a simple film idea. As the camera surveys ancient musical instruments in a casual but appropriate setting or in their appointed place in a museum room (they aren't played, for no people are present except in occasional pictures), the music track produced their sound. The result is both interesting and agreeable.

"Le Mystère de la Licorne," beautifully photographed in color, belongs in the second group. The camera moves gently over six lovely medieval tapestries while Maria Casarès interprets their symbolism with her haunting voice. The timing of words and background music suggests that composition included words, music, and camera simultaneously. As in "Lumière," **"Guillaume Appolinaire"** revives a man, the late poet, and elements of the life that surrounded him. In the process it illustrates his poetry indirectly and imaginatively. This hazardous attempt is successful except for the pseudo-poetic manner in which the poetry is read.

—HELEN GRAYSON.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Milton: "Paradise Lost," Book VI. 2. Andrew Lang: Sonnet: "Homeric Unity." 3. Goldsmith: "The Deserted Village." 4. Edwin Arlington Robinson: "Ben Jonson Entertains a Man from Stratford." 5. Shakespeare: "Henry IV, Part I," V, i. 6. Ben Jonson: "Elegy on My Muse." 7. Shelley: "The Daemon of the World." 8. Elizabeth Barrett Browning: "Casa Guidi Windows." 9. Marlowe: "Tamburlaine the Great," II, 5. 10. Longfellow: "Christus: A Mystery."

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Americana

Continued from page 14

disciplines, and solitary vision-quests and communal outpourings, upbore qualities of heroism, charity, and singing joy in child, woman, and man. Its social systems were exhaustively democratic. Greatness of personality was a matter of course, and personality merged with the radiance of this "climax" universe.

It is gone forever, that "climax" universe. But it is natural for young and old minds here and in many lands wistfully to be drawn toward it, and to want to know more than is yet told in the extensive literature. Robert H. Lowie's "Indians of the Plains" is as adequate a handbook as any authority could produce. Almost a long lifetime has gone to the making of it. Written with simplicity and clearness, it yet is encyclopedic and therefore, on any one phase of its subject, overabbreviated. It is enriched through 105 pictures and diagrams. Utilized, as for example by a study-group exploring the richness of the Natural History Museum of New York or the Chicago Natural History Museum, it can go far to illuminate an era of human life and of nature so tantalizingly recent and so utterly destroyed.

The handbook deals with Plains material culture, social organization, recreation, art, and supernaturalism. Its brief section on acculturation (rather, deculturation, as the crowded content of the handbook makes evident without saying so) is extremely inadequate. Only a shadowy hint is given of the nearly one hundred years of social genocide practised by our Government on the Plains Indians, a century intermitted after 1933 but now being renewed by the Administration and Congress. What the official killing of the Sun Dance (the "integrative" institution of Plains Indian life) did to the Indians' body and soul, is, for example, barely hinted at; and the wreckage and the paralysis of Indian life-energies caused by the forced land-allotment system is not mentioned; and the processes which changed the "climax" type of the Plains into the ever-widening dust-bowl of today are not intimated. These data could reasonably have been imported into the handbook, but their omission leaves intact the book's intended value of giving, with objectivity and out of exhaustive knowledge, the basic data of Plains Indian life.

And yet, a remark may be in order. American anthropology until rather recent years, and with such an exception as Frank H. Cushing, has done its work within a somewhat limiting frame of reference. In one direction, that frame of reference scarcely admitted ecology, and the human group as a positive quantity and function within the ecological life-web. In another direction, that frame of reference practically ruled out any attention to politics—in the case of Indians, attention to the blind or wicked doings of the white man's incorrigible Government. But the shadow of a needless doom, resting cold and black on the mind and heart of Indians who knew whence that shadow was cast, has been an anthropological reality of extreme importance, down the century: and the shadow rests there still. Not merely the necessary limitations of an admirable handbook, but the limiting of reference of much of American anthropology, is apparent in "Indians of The Plains."

Frontier Business

TRADE AND LAND IN EARLY AMERICA: To the rapidly growing accumulation of published source materials in American history a noteworthy contribution has been made in the form of a handsome and rather thick volume entitled **"George Mercer Papers Relating to the Ohio Company of Virginia"** (University of Pittsburgh Press, $10), compiled and edited by Lois Mulkearn. Included are records used by George Mercer prior to the outbreak of the American Revolution when, as agent of the Ohio Company, he conducted in England a fruitless campaign to obtain clear title to lands previously granted to the company by the King. As a part of his efforts in this connection Mercer prepared for presentation to the Privy Council a pamphlet, "The Case of the Ohio Company," which is reproduced in facsimile as an additional important item in the book. The pamphlet itself now reposes in the New York Historical Society, the other documents are from the Darlington Memorial Library of the University of Pittsburgh, of which Mrs. Mulkearn is librarian.

The letters, journals, and other documents brought together in this volume furnish a wealth of information on the operations of the Ohio Company and its agents and on the intense rivalry for trade and land among the various human elements on the colonial Western frontier. In addition the editor's "Commentary on the Case of the Ohio Company" and her annotations are outstanding features of the book. They reveal a deep understanding of the early trans-Alleghany West and scholarship of the highest order.

—JAMES F. HOPKINS.

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SR's World Travel Calendar

NOVEMBER. DECEMBER. JANUARY

Austria

FEASTS OF ALL SAINTS *(Vienna, provinces, Nov. 1)*: Important feast day in Catholic Austria.

FEAST OF ST. NIKOLAUS *(Nationwide, Dec. 6)*.

WINTER SPORTS SEASON *(Alpine resorts, Dec. 15-Apr. 15)*.

CONCERTS *(Vienna, Jan. 8, 9; 22, 23. Furtwängler to conduct Vienna Philharmonic on first two dates; Kubelik on second two.)*

Belgium

ST. HUBERT CELEBRATIONS *(Brussels, at the Church du Sablon, Nov. 3; St. Hubert, exhibition of relics, Nov. 3; Montaigu, candlelight procession, Nov. 7; Tervuren, blessing of horses, dogs Nov. 7.)*

LOVERS FAIR *(Arlon, Dec. 2)*: Appearance of the giant Helleschsman, the marriagemaker.

AUTO, CYCLE SHOW *(Brussels, Jan. 15-26)*: At the Palais du Centenaire; 28th annual.

INTERNATIONAL CATTLE SHOW *(Antwerp, Jan. 22)*.

Bermuda

TENNIS *(Coral Beach Club championship, Nov. 1-6)*.

YACHTING *(Royal Bermuda Yacht Club, Nov. 4, 11, 18, 25)*: Compete for Submarine Cup.

FISHING *(Nov. 1-April)*: Bermuda chub, bonefish tournament; prizes for largest fish taken in each species.

GOLF *(Dec. 3-5)*: Goodwill Tournament by invitation of Golf Association only; *(Jan. 7-10)*: Men's, women's two-ball foursomes at Mid-Ocean Club.

Britain

LORD MAYOR'S SHOW *(London, Nov. 9)*.

NOVEMBER HANDICAP *(Manchester, Nov. 11-13)*.

RACE VETERAN CAR RUN *(London-Brighton, Nov. 14)*. The "race" immortalized in the movie "Genevieve."

DRAMA FESTIVAL *(Harrogate, Nov. 22-27)*.

SMITHFIELD SHOW *(London, Dec. 6-10)*: Agricultural exhibition at Earl's Court.

NATIONAL POULTRY SHOW *(London, Dec. 9-11)*.

CHELSEA ARTS BALL *(London, Dec. 31)*: At Royal Albert Hall.

BURNS INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL *(Edinburgh and Burns Country, Scotland, Jan. 17-25.)*

Denmark

NATIONAL FLOWER SHOW *(Copenhagen, Nov. 1-7)*.

BOYS' CHOIR CONCERTS *(Copenhagen, Nov. 5, 12, 19, 26)*: Organ, choir, soloists at Church of Christiansborg Castle.

BIKE RACE *(Aarhus, Nov. 5-11)*: International professional meeting.

THANKSGIVING DAY *(Copenhagen, Nov. 25)*: American Club and American Women's Club give annual dinners.

CONCERTS *(Copenhagen, Jan. 6, 9, 13, 16, 20, 23, 27, 30, 31.)*

BADMINTON CHAMPIONSHIP *(Copenhagen, Jan. 14-18)*: International open.

France

FOIRE GASTRONOMIQUE *(Dijon, Nov. 1-14)*: Most famous food fair in France, in the gourmet capital of a gourmet's country.

BURGUNDY WINE FAIR *(Beaune, Nov. 20, 21)*: Various wines of the region displayed; samples offered for a small fee.

MIDNIGHT MASS *(Les Baux, Dec. 24)*: One of Europe's best-known religious observances.

PROCESSION *(St. Jean-de-Luz, Jan. 10)*: Traditional parade of the Three Wise Men.

INTERNATIONAL SONGFEST *(Nice, Jan. 15-31)*.

SKI CHAMPIONSHIPS *(Bareges and Cauterets, Jan. 16. 17; 23, 24.)*

GRAND PRIX SKIING *(Morzine, Jan. 22-24)*: Downhill, slalom title races. *(Chamonix, Jan. 26-31)*: International de la Vallée de Chamonix.

Germany

ST. MARTIN'S PROCESSION *(Bonn, Dusseldorf, Dujken, Nov. 10)*.

CHRISTMAS FAIRS *(Nuremberg, Dec. 3-24; Berlin, Dec. 4-19; Ulm, Dec. 5-12; Marburg, Dec. 12-22; Darmstadt, Dec. 20-24.)*

SPORTS WEEK *(Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Jan. 15-23.)*

GREEN WEEK *(Berlin, Jan. 28-Feb. 6)*: Annual agricultural exhibition.

Ireland

MUSIC, ARTS FESTIVAL *(Wexford, Nov. 1-7)*: Films, drama, lectures, opera, recitals, conducted tours, discussions.

FEIS *(Galway, Nov. 21-Dec. 5)*: Western music festival.

COURSING *(throughout Ireland, January-February.)*

Israel

WEIZMANN DAY *(Rehovot, Nov. 2)*: Anniversary of death of first President of Israel.

MOHAMMED'S BIRTHDAY *(Nov. 19)*.

FEAST OF THE PRESENTATION *(Jerusalem, Nov. 21)*: At Notre Dame Hospice.

FEAST OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION *(Jerusalem and Mt. Carmel, Dec. 8)*: Special services to mark close of Marian Year.

CHANUKAH *(Jerusalem, Dec. 21)*: Feast of Lights.

CHRISTMAS DAY *(Nazareth, Dec. 25)*: Pontificial Mass at Church of the Annunciation.

Italy

RELIGIOUS FEAST *(Venice, Nov. 21)*: Solemn religious rites in Curch of the Madonna della Salute.

EXHIBITION *(Milan, Nov. 1-15)*: Tenth Triennale Exhibition of Interior Decoration, Modern Architecture. Gardening, landscaping new additions.

OPERA SEASON *(Milan, Dec. 7-April)*: The 1954-55 season at La Scala. Opening dates for seasons at Florence, Naples, Rome to be announced.

EPIPHANY FAIR *(Rome, Jan. 4-6)*: Traditional festival at Piazza Navona.

Mexico

ALL SAINTS DAY *(Nationwide, Nov. 1)*: Families hold reunions in cemeteries after attending special masses in churches.

PAN-AM AUTO RACE *(Nov. 18-22)*: Fifth annual contest, Guatemala border to Rio Grande.

DEEP SEA FISHING CONTEST *(Manzanillo, Nov. 4-6)*: First annual rodeo.

ANNIVERSARY OF REVOLUTION *(Mexico City, Nov. 20)*: Parades, sports contests.

GUADALUPE DAY *(Nationwide, Dec. 12)*: Most important saint's day in Mexico; biggest observance at Shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe near Mexico City.

RELIGIOUS TREK *(Chalma, Jan. 1-7)*: Visit Shrine of Christ of Chalma near Mexico City.

BLESSING OF ANIMALS *(Nationwide, Jan. 17)*: Tribute to St. Anthony in churchyards.

Monaco

CORONATION ANNIVERSARY *(Nov. 19)*: Fifth anniversary of crowning of Prince Rainier III inaugurates high season. Reviews, fireworks display.

BALLET SEASON *(December)*.

GALAS *(Monte Carlo, Dec. 3, 10, 17, 24, 31.)*

MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY *(Jan. 16-23)*: The twenty-fifth annual.

SAINT'S DAY *(Jan. 27)*: Sainte Devote Fete Day, tribute to patron of the Principality.

South Africa

BARRACUDA SEASON OPENS *(Natal Coast, north and south of Durban, Nov. 1.)*

VOORTREKKER CELEBRATIONS *(Pretoria, Dec. 16)*: Annual tribute to pioneers who settled South Africa.

COON CARNIVAL *(Cape Town, Jan. 1)*: Celebration similar to one staged by Mummers in Philadelphia.

CRICKET TEST MATCHES *(Cape Town, Johannesburg, Port Elizabeth, January 1-February 10.)*

South America

RELIGIOUS FESTIVAL *(El Quinche, Ecuador, Nov. 21)*: Indians pay tribute to the Virgin.

PATRIOTIC HOLIDAY *(Columbia, Nov. 21)*: The 123rd anniversary of founding of Republic of New Granada.

CHRISTMAS NOVELTY *(Bogota and Popayan, Columbia, Dec. 24)*: Natives mask, wear amusing costumes on streets.

KING'S DAY *(Throughout South America, Jan. 6)*: Morality plays in front of churches.

Switzerland

AUTO RALLY *(Geneva, Nov. 3-6)*: The 24th International.

TENNIS *(Geneva, Nov. 9-14)*: International indoor championships.

"ESCALADE" *(Geneva, Dec. 11, 12)*: Patriotic festival marked by dances, parties.

SKI JUMPING *(St. Moritz, Dec. 26)*.

SKI RACE *(Wengen, Jan. 8, 9)*: The 20th international Lauberhorn race.

U.S.A.

ANTIQUE SHOWS *(Boston, Mass., Nov. 2-5; White Plains, Nov. 15-20)*.

FOLK DANCE FESTIVAL *(Seattle, Wash., Nov. 5)*.

ART SHOW *(Wilmington, Del., Nov. 5-Dec. 5)*: For Delaware artists only.

ALL-WESTERN BAND REVIEW *(Long Beach, Cal., Nov. 27)*.

MID-WINTER SPORTS CARNIVAL *(New Orleans, La., Dec. 27-Jan. 1)*.

ROSE PARADE, FOOTBALL GAME *(Pasadena, Cal., Jan. 1)*.

MOTOR BOAT SHOW *(New York City, Jan. 14-23)*.

ANTIQUE FORUMS *(Williamsburg, Va., Jan. 24-28; Jan. 13-Feb. 4)*: Illustrated talks, discussions, tours of collections.

—ROBERT MEYER, JR.

Further information may be obtained by writing World Calendar, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Pearls and Princesses

PEARLS: When Kokichi Mikimoto died on his little island near Toba, Japan, last week I couldn't help but think of the opening sentence of a small booklet tied with purple string I had put in my file two years ago. "With the passing of Edison and Marconi," the book began, "Kokichi Mikimoto, who invented the cultured pearl, may be considered as one of the greatest inventors living today. . . . His inventive genius may be said to have been inherited from his father, a maker and seller of noodles, who was gifted with such great ingenuity that he devised his own flour-grinding machine for which he gained high praise from the governor."

I never did manage to meet Mikimoto, for when I arrived at Toba and went to the dock where the ferry departs for his own private island I found the notice, "Please Do Not Come to Visit Me As I Am Too Old." However, I have a picture of Mikimoto which appears immediately in my mind whenever I think of him. It was printed in a folder distributed by his retail outlet in Tokyo. The folder is shaped and colored like an oyster-shell and silvery paper pearls have been pasted on the cover. It, too, is tied with purple string, and inside is the picture of Mikimoto, in derby and kimono.

Mikimoto was a great admirer of Edison and Marconi. He visited Edison at his laboratory in East Orange, New Jersey, on a trip through the U.S. in 1926. For Mrs. Edison the little man from Japan had brought a pearl brooch, and a set of yellow and white pearls, symbolizing gold and silver, for the inventor. According to Mikimoto's recollection, Edison exclaimed, "Are these cultured pearls? They must be genuine. There are two things which I haven't succeeded in inventing in my laboratory in spite of my efforts—one is diamond and the other is pearl. You are to be praised for the creation of what was considered impossible from a zoological point of view." In answer to this Mikimoto replied, "If you were the sun in the universe of inventors, I am only a small star in it." Later, when *The New York Times* asked Mikimoto how Edison had impressed him he answered, "I admire him for managing such a large laboratory with such a small staff."

Mikimoto met Marconi at Nara. They exchanged pleasantries and then Mikimoto performed his favorite gesture. He took an oyster from his pocket, opened it, took out a pearl, and gave it to Marconi. Years later, when tourists came to Toba, Mikimoto organized Pearl Island, where visitors could trace the growth of a pearl from the beginning. Girl pearl-divers —who normally wear nothing but shorts—were clothed in white cotton jumpers. They put on lipstick. And any tourist for about a dollar's worth of yen could buy a Mikimoto oyster guaranteed to contain at least one pearl.

PRINCESS: Couple of weeks back I was in receipt of a two-page letter, single-spaced, from an old friend, Fritz Frey, who owns the Burgenstock Estate, three magnificent hotels on a lovely wooded plateau 3,000 feet above Lake Lucerne in Switzerland. Mr. Frey wrote that at last he was coming to the U.S. for a two months' excursion starting in New York and extending through the Midwest, South, Southwest, all the way to the Coast.

Although Burgenstock is the largest hotel operation in Switzerland, and has an excellent international reputation, it is all but unknown in the United States. The purpose of Mr. Frey's trip, he wrote, would be to publicize the Burgenstock Estate, to promote it according to American techniques. Mr. Frey was writing me as an American for any suggestion I might give him to make his mountain resort well known in this country. I wrote him of the ways of the late Steve Hannagan and described the tricks and techniques of American publicity. I agreed to meet with him in New York.

Before my letter had a chance to arrive in Switzerland I picked up the *New York Herald Tribune* the other Sunday morning and there on the front page I read a dispatch from the A.P. "Burgenstock, Switzerland.—Audrey Hepburn, stage and screen star, and actor-director Mel Ferrer, who fell in love when they appeared together in the Broadway hit 'Ondine' were married today in a small private chapel overlooking Lake Lucerne.... Fritz Frey, owner of a chain of hotels in this 2,700-foot-high mountain retreat and a personal friend of the bride, provided a chapel for the cere-

"I've quit smoking!"

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mony. . . . Immediately after the ceremony the wedding party drove to the golf club as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frey. . . . Mr. Frey said the newlyweds will stay in one of his chalets for 'one or two days'."

I suspect Mr. Frey doesn't need my services anymore. With this coup in the pocket Burgenstock ought to be well known on Broadway and in Hollywood, not to mention a few points in between. Romance has a way of blessing places with a sweet and timeless aura. Look at what George Sand and Chopin did for Majorca, what Hemingway's colonel and the colonel's "daughter" did for the Gritti Palace in Venice, what Bergman and Rossellini did for Stromboli. A few weeks back I was in Ravello on the Amalfi Coast listening to Mr. Caruso of Caruso's Hotel shake his head sadly over the poor tourist business at the hilltop town. True, he said, Stokowski and Garbo had been in seclusion here, but that was back in 1939, a bad year for romance. The war came and that idyllic meeting never got the publicity it deserved, and besides, who could have come anyway? By the time the war was over the story was stale.

For any American who wants to know more about the place where the "Ondine" players were wed this is to say it is in the exact center of Switzerland and on a clear day you can see a hilltop in Germany and another in France. The sky glowed red back in those days when the Allies bombed Munich or Stuttgart. The three hotels, all within a few minutes' walk of each other, are filled with priceless art treasures, Gobelin and Aubusson tapestries. Tintorettos, Van Dycks, and Rubenses hang on the walls. The hotel's own 200-passenger motor yacht rides up from Lucerne forty-five minutes away.

Twenty minutes walk through the woods brings you to the Hammetschwand Lift, an elevator that runs up a lacy shaft alongside the mountain, and brings you with great speed to the 3,500-foot summit of the Burgenstock. The Hammetschwand Lift travels so fast because in 1936 Hitler built an elevator for the Olympics and shouted far and wide that it was the fastest in Europe. This nettled the Freys, who called in a band of Swiss engineers and rigged up an elevator that brought the title back to Switzerland.

Shortly after the war the late Chaim Weizmann, President of Israel, checked into Burgenstock at the same time Konrad Adenauer was on hand. The management ran up the Israeli flag on one pole, the German flag on another, and put the flag of neutral Switzerland in between.

Another devotee of the quiet heights of the Burgenstock is Vladmir Horowitz. He came once and stayed several weeks practising diligently every day from nine until noon and after lunch from two until five. Guests rarely saw him, much less heard him play, but one night as the season drew to a close he emerged from his room, walked into the lounge, looked around, then sat down at the piano. Every guest dropped his reading. Conversation stopped. Bridge players dropped their hands, and all of Burgenstock awaited a momentous work by a major musician. Horowitz lifted his famous fingers and proceeded to play—boogie-woogie, fast and loud.

SOURCE OR SORCERY: The menu of the Coffee House of the Roosevelt in New York, a Hilton Hotel, offers a cocktail called "The Pirate Treasure." Says the bill-of-fare: "We found this recipe in a Pirate Treasure Chest when building the Caribe Hilton Hotel in San Juan, Puerto Rico—Honest." Blackbeard used to whip them up in his Waring mixer. Honest.

INCAPACITATED ITALIAN: *Grazie mille*: thanks for dinner; *grazie tanto*: thank your aunt. —Horace Sutton.

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Bookmarks

EXPLORATORY compositions in Vacuo continue to reach this desk, along with an indictment. First the compositions. Here is one from Mrs. Charles D. Squires of Binghamton, New York (a community that must have its name misspelled almost as often as Paterson, New Jersey):

A garcher who lopted to snode
Deburted a goak from the doad.
The goak got so surty
He pripted his verty
And mogs slad them both in the shode.

And for this one we are indebted to Eleanor R. Edelstein of Washington, D. C.:

Oh, to be in Vacuo
Naf that Igvarn's flab.
And posetib parn in Vacuo
Erms, some aflut, unaclab,
That the sevest woots and the toldof prip
Whenk the dookleff flum are in parm crip,
While the phedsurl noots on the tibtosch
In Vacuo—potch!

This, we believe, is the first translation into, or halfway into, Vacuo. Note that *naf* and *potch* are virtually synonymous—very subtle differentiation there. Mrs. Edelstein adds: "No doubt you will receive hundreds of letters referring to the first citizen of Vacuo, Lewis Carroll, and reminders that children have been plying this art, consciously and unconsciously, for years. To what purpose, other than relaxation, I do not know—perhaps that is enough."

Dwight B. Heath of Fort Riley, Kansas, feels that we did an injustice to Lewis Carroll by not mentioning him, and copies all of "Jabberwocky" for us. (Was Lewis Carroll charged with aping Edward Lear?) Actually, phony phonics must be nearly as old as language itself. Dog Latin is something of an analogy, and so is macaronic poetry, which was certainly flourishing before America was discovered. We herewith drop Vacuo before the thing gets completely out of hand (*kwon va nerb*), and also before we are set upon by a slaphappy printer (*frangfrak wulbarsh*).

* * *

Most useful word in a newscaster's vocabulary, designed to cover a multitude of sins: *Rather.*

* * *

The English say cookery and we say cooking. The English say rookery and we say rooking. —J. T. W.

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Writers and Writing

Continued from page 23

point in his book does he try to defend his father's behavior, although he is able to point with pride to the resurgence of Wilde's reputation. The books are back in the libraries, the plays are being performed, the name of Wilde stands for wit, polished epigram, and genius.

Yet, it's too bad that the book avoids a discussion of the causes of Wilde's actions, if only because this part of the story is not, as yet, too generally known. Wilde contracted syphilis while an Oxford undergraduate. He thought himself cured (the mercury, in use at the time, turned his teeth black) and only discovered after his marriage that he was still infected. He broke off physical relations with his wife and eventually turned to the practices that led to the debacle. It was undoubtedly the disease which most heavily contributed to his death at forty-six in Paris. The French doctor who attended him commented afterward that Wilde showed all the symptoms of a chronic syphilitic. Certainly he was more to be pitied than dishonored. The record—and pathology must play an important part in it—has not been set entirely straight even now. It is understandable why Mr. Holland would not wish to be the one to do so. His reserve is all to present in the more intimate areas dealing with his family, but by giving us vivid glimpses of the aftermath of that *cause célèbre* of the Nineties he has done a valuable service to his father's memory.

Notes

VICTORIAN REBEL: It is a truism of literary history that Samuel Butler, subject of Philip Henderson's **"Samuel Butler"** (Indiana University Press, $3.75), was a rebel against the Victorian age which spawned him. His discontent with patriarchy, complacence, and hypocrisy is manifest in "Erewhon" and "The Way of All Flesh," volumes which leave no doubt of their autobiographical bases. His father, outraged by the first, accused Samuel of being the agent of his mother's death. The second was withheld from publication because of the embarrassment it might cause the surviving members of the family.

Butler's early life was a horror of parental tyranny compounded of excessive religiosity and enforced financial dependence. Butler's rational examination of Christian tenets and his subsequent rejection of them, and his refusal to compromise with his father and enter the Church, dictated his emigration to New Zealand, where he became a successful sheep farmer. Music—especially that of Handel—painting, and literature were his loves. Known to acquaintances as "the incarnate bachelor," Butler feared the emotional demands of marriage, although he was not above the discreet satisfaction of physical needs. His friendships were few but tremendously binding.

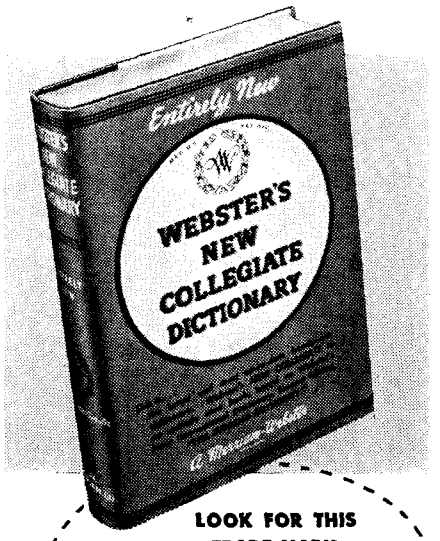
Philip Henderson has drawn from Jones's memoir and from previously unpublished materials to give an objective portrait of Butler which emphasizes the man more than the artist. It is to Mr. Henderson's credit that he eschews psychological interpretations. —Edward A. Bloom.

PORGY'S CREATOR: To most persons who profess familiarity with American literature and music such names as Porgy, Bess, Sporting Life, and Catfish Row have more reality than that of their creator. Although it is little more than a quarter of a century since the late DuBose Heyward first breathed life into them, they have achieved the immortality of folklore and have eclipsed their originator. Collaboration with George Gershwin in "Porgy and Bess," America's greatest opera, enhanced Heyward's literary reputation in his lifetime. Ironically, however, the composer's growing fame seems to have thrust his collaborator into shadow. Despite a few solid accomplishments, Heyward's output to the time of his death in 1940 fixed him in the uneasy category of the minor writer. In telling the life story of **"DuBose Heyward: The Man Who Wrote Porgy"** (University of South Carolina Press, $4.50) Frank Durham performs the friendly, objective service of restoring Heyward to his rightful position as a serious artist, without making undue claims for him.

A member of threadbare Southern aristocracy in Charleston, S. C., Heyward was neither social reformer nor propagandist, but a warm observer of the alien customs and attitudes of the Negroes, whose psychology and language he assimilated as few white men have ever done. Groping for a mode of literary expression, he ultimately discovered himself in fiction. "Porgy" (1925) was his first novel; "Mamba's Daughters," with a similar theme, was his other notable work.

Mr. Durham has written a brief but interesting biography illuminated with perceptive critical judgments. He has described Heyward as an enlightened regional chauvinist, a writer with a keen poetic sensitivity and narrative ability, and complete understanding of his Negro subjects. —E. A. B.

No Doubt About It!



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The Past

Continued from page 20

tensify one's feeling of futility. It will not be read, of course, by the many who might profit from it; it will convince few except those who are already convinced. But one may also be depressed by Mumford's strategy, aside from some monotony in style.

Although I suppose it is impossible to exaggerate the dangers of our situation, it is still possible to oversimplify and overdo, especially his theme of "our only hope." In his insistence on all that we must do, and do at once, Mumford constantly talks in terms of either-or, and typically offers only extreme alternatives. He proposes, for instance, a world armistice for just one year, to be "dedicated to bringing about a profound moral change," even a "complete transformation," and immediately to establishing "a complete system of world government." He says flatly that today "it is a question of All or Nothing." I think he may be right. But if so we had better prepare ourselves to expect Nothing. While he sometimes glides too easily from exhortation to prophecy, or from what "must" be done to what "will" be, he remarks later on in this passage that he judges the chances for the enactment of his indispensable program to be somewhat less than one in a hundred. In one of the calmer essays he remarks the obvious truth, that the complete moral transformation he calls for would take generations or centuries.

"In the name of sanity" one might wish that Mumford had more humor, or philosophical reserve. Specifically I should say that his book suffers from the common defect of our prophetic books and programs for salvation—a lack of historical perspective. He is best in his analysis of the radical changes that have come over thought in the last century, and life in the last generation, and that make our situation literally unprecedented. But he loses sight of the ancient evils and follies that make it not wholly unprecedented: the inveterate greed, selfishness, and conceit that corrupted even the great ages of art and religion, and that must discourage any hope in sure-fire solutions. Hence his analysis is also oversimplified. He diagnoses the basic evil as the "rise of Caliban," the overthrowal of the Superego by the Id, the "profound animus against the human"—the kind of barbarous irrationality exemplified by McCarthyism. He neglects the tragic complexities, the perhaps more serious danger exemplified by our more responsible, well-intentioned leaders, such as Knowland and Dulles, and concealed by the earnest platitudes of President Eisenhower—men who are by no means Calibans, and who appeal to his own democratic, Christian principles. This danger, as I see it, is our fearful self-righteousness.

Here, however, I am falling into the common futility of critics, implying that Mumford should have written my kind of book instead of his own. He himself is not self-righteous. His excesses may be condoned as occupational hazards, or the natural byproducts of his long, honorable, very useful career as prophet and crusader for the good life.

Notes

IDEAS IN OUR TIME: "Man's Right to Knowledge" (Herbert Muschel, New York, $1) is a little book, with part of Columbia's Bicentennial theme as its title, which contains a series of lectures delivered by some of the world's most eminent scholars over the radio network of the Columbia Broadcasting System earlier this year in honor of the university's anniversary. This series, to be followed in the fall by another, is devoted in general terms to the subject of "Tradition and Change." In twelve half-hour lectures the authors attend in both historical and modern terms to three great ideas—the idea of man, the idea of society, and the idea of the universe. Arnold J. Toynbee, Sir Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, W. F. Albright, and Joseph Wood Krutch discuss the first of these ideas; William Linn Westermann, Hu Shih, M. C. D'Arcy, and Robert M. MacIver the second; and George Sarton, Swami Nikhilananda, Francois L. Ganshof, and H. J. Bhabha the third. The president of Columbia, Grayson Kirk, appropriately concludes the series with a lecture on the idea of a university.

The level of discourse is wholly commensurate with the distinction of the lecturers. Complex problems, like authority and freedom, inquiry and reason, love and knowledge, are treated with that degree of clarity which always separates the greater from the lesser scholar, and which brought in this instance an unprecedented response from the radio audience. It is a genuine pleasure to read these essays. And it is heartening to have Grayson Kirk's brilliant reaffirmation of John Masefield's comment that "there are few earthly things more splendid than a university."

—Robert Bierstedt.

GERMAN SOCIOLOGY: The papers included in **"Essays on Sociology and Social Psychology,"** by the late Karl Mannheim (edited by Paul Kecskemeti; Oxford University Press, $6.50), reflect the major sociological interests and pursuits of the distinguished sociologist whose career included service at both German and English universities. In the first three, a series of older essays written originally in German, he is dealing with such subjects as a structural analysis of epistemology, a sociological analysis of conservative thought, and the history of the organismic conception of the political state. These three resemble the typical German dissertation (the first in fact is a revised version of the author's doctoral thesis) and they are thorough, profound, and perhaps a little dull.

Essays in succeeding sections of the book compare German and Western sociology, treat problems in sociological psychology, and discuss the relationship between a planned society and personality—the last group consisting of four lectures delivered at Manchester College, Oxford, in 1938. Mannheim's criticisms of American sociology on the ground of its "methodological asceticism," its excessive concern for practical and local problems, and the relative absence of broad philosophical perspectives in its general approach to society are all useful even though they are well known by now on both sides of the Atlantic.

Like others of Mannheim's books, this one is a required addition to the library of the sociological theorist. It is to be followed by a final volume of Mannheim's posthumous work, a systematic work written in the early Thirties.

—R. B.

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The Nickel-Plated Tidal Wave

Continued from page 12

their facilities for counting the money. Since the money was already in the city jail, it was decided to use the basement of the jail for the counting.

Monday morning the Post Office announced another 40,000 letters had been received. Three members of Bernie Wilson's accounting firm started opening the letters and counting the nickels. Most of the letters contained only a nickel. Some contained a dime, some quarters, and some as much as a dollar. In cases where a letter contained more than a nickel it was generally from more than one viewer. One dollar came "from the gang at Tony's Tavern."

By the end of the day 1,500 letters had been opened, and a little over $90 in nickels had been counted. At this rate it would take about two months to count what already was at hand. The task was made difficult by the fact that each contribution was secured by Scotch Tape, mystic tape, adhesive tape, cement, glue, or, in one case, sewn into a small pillow. One contributor submitted a water-color painting, showing the Deibels in supplication, with nickels falling on them from heaven. Five real nickels were incorporated into the painting. Several artistic contributors sent in cartoons and drawings, with the characters having nickels for faces. There were several dozens of postcards with nickels attached. Not a single such postcard arrived minus its nickel, which the town's postmaster, R. W. Hooker, considered quite a tribute to the U. S. Post Office system.

Mr. Deibel asked the Junior Chamber of Commerce, an organization to which he belongs, for help. About fifty of them arrived that evening, as did more reporters, two TV newsreel crews, the Eric Sevareid camera crew, Pathe news, Fox-Movietone news, and a reporter and photographer from *Life*. When a hundred other townspeople arrived, some to count and some just to watch, the place broke into complete bedlam. Accountant Bernie Wilson had wanted to keep track of all letters and envelopes, and do a tabulation on amounts sent by states, but this was soon seen to be impossible. In a matter of minutes after the counting started the floor of the jail's basement was littered with torn envelopes, letters, pasteboard, and hundreds of pounds of Scotch tape. In some places people were up to their knees in debris.

By 1 A.M. all the letters on hand had been opened, and, thanks to a coin-counting machine lent the Deibels by City Hall, the money counted. Several statistical tests had been taken which showed the average letter to contain about six cents. The total amount of money counted that night was $3,666.50. By working backwards through the average contribution per letter, it could be seen that the Post Office had been overestimating the amount of mail received. Mail is estimated by weight, and, while the Post Office had taken into account the extra weight of the nickels, they had neglected to take into account the extra weight of the pasteboard, glue, and Scotch tape. Still, 61,109 letters was a lot of mail for the first three days, and $3,666.50 was a lot of nickels.

THE next day another huge batch of mail arrived, and even by the Postmaster's most conservative estimate, it was the largest amount yet received. That night the jail's basement was the scene of more bedlam, with Kiwanis, Rotary, and American Legion members trying to see who could open the most mail. In addition, throughout the day, the town's children had been crying, "I wanna go to jail! I wanna go to jail!" and many mothers took them there that night. In contrast to the children was eighty-seven-year-old Mrs. Grace Denning, who was carried into the jail's basement to help with the letters. She didn't mind the din and confusion because, as she explained, "I've known Charlie and Marge Deibel since they were born. This is the happiest day of my life."

One of the town's richest oilmen, Charles Ledbeter, dropped by to see what was happening and stayed the evening counting nickels. Most everyone thought it was wonderful, that it couldn't have happened to two nicer kids, and that what they particularly liked about it was Garry's editorial remarks against the misery shows. Most everyone described their hatred of such shows as "Strike It Rich" with a vengeance. But they all admitted they watched them.

By Wednesday night it had become dull to hear how wonderful everything was from Kiwanis and Rotary members, and tiresome to be chaperoned by the Chamber of Commerce. I knew every town had another side of the railroad tracks, and wanted the opinions of those who lived on that other side. And so I disappeared for several hours and visited the town's dives. But even there I could find no cynicism. Drunks at the bar told me

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how glad they were for the Deibels, even though they didn't know them. Seedy-looking characters in the pool room expressed their delight over the fact that this would put Mt. Pleasant on the map; and a poker-player in an illegal game said it was just fine providing the Deibels "kept the money in circulation." A short perky woman I interviewed at a bar thought it was the most exciting thing that had happened to Mt. Pleasant, and when asked what she'd do with the money replied: "I'd give one-half of it to cancer research and with the other half I'd go on the biggest drunk this town has ever seen with everybody in the town who wanted to go with me. We'd get drunk and stay drunk until all the money run out!"

A drunk down the bar, overhearing the conversation, said that if it had happened to him he'd take the money and go so far South that no snowball could find him.

By the time the first week was up the story of the Deibels and their nickels had made headline news in every major newspaper in the country except *The New York Times*, and millions had seen it on television and in the newsreels.

Through it all the Deibels were gracious, cooperative, and patient. Only once did Mr. Deibel show a little resentment, when, followed into a drugstore by a whole slew of photographers and reporters, he turned around and said: "Hey, fellows, are you going to take pictures of us asleep, too?"

Towards the end of the week the letters and nickels were still coming in heavily, but the initial excitement had died down. The reporters, cameramen, and newsreel crews had all left. Senator Homer Ferguson of Michigan and Undersecretary of Agriculture Morse came in to be photographed with Mrs. Deibel, but the only one left to take their pictures was the local photographer.

By the time all the letters are in it is estimated the Deibels will have received over 200,000 letters, and over $12,000 in nickels. In addition, Stuart Merrill, a local oil prospector, has given them a 1/64 interest in his next oil venture, which, it is estimated, has a one out of eighteen chance of striking oil.

I FLEW back to New York on Thursday, together with a newly designed key to the city which incorporated the design of the nickel. As I drove out of the city towards the airport I could see maintenance men replacing a sign marked: "Welcome to Mt. Pleasant!" with one marked: "Welcome to Mt. Pleasant, Home of the Deibels."

When I arrived back in New York Garry Moore, my boss, the man who had started the whole thing, was happy. The response had been larger than anticipated, the publicity was great for the show, and, more important, Garry felt, detrimental to the misery shows.

Almost everybody was happy except a psychoanalyst friend of mine who said: "This is terrible. Suppose another television personality made an appeal for something quite terrifying. Just think of the mischief that could let loose. The Orson Welles episode could be dwarfed by the kind of Mars aberration that television could produce."

When I posed this question to Professor Robert K. Merton, of Columbia University, a sociologist specializing in mass response, he scoffed. "It's the nature of the act that's of primary importance," he said. "Moore's audience responded to a virtuous cause out of a sense of philanthropy. This type of response is non-transferable. It's like a posthypnotic suggestion. There would be no response if the audience were opposed to what they were asked to do."

I hope so.

Fiction

Continued from page 17

stratagems, problems, and triumphs. Possibly her career might have been a little more interesting if she had had any genuine religion at all, or else if her pattern had been juxtaposed to some other religious standard.

Paul Gaudier, whom we see rise from struggling commercial artist to be a kind of Frank Lloyd Wright of stained-glass windows, competes strongly with Edith for interest. What we see of his field of art is among the most interesting material the book offers.

It is hard to see this novel as more than a reasonably competent job of manipulating well-worn and familiar story elements. When it comes to portraying the basic genre of the Aimees, Mr. Otway has not produced the equal of Sharon Falconer in Sinclair Lewis's novel about a minister, "Elmer Gantry."

—EDMUND FULLER.

THE ROUND TABLE REVISITED: It is a pleasure to report that Dorothy Roberts in **"Launcelot, My Brother"** (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $3.95) has written a historical novel in which "authentically researched" costumes are *not* used simply to camouflage shallowly conceived characters who, so far as their vital core of beliefs and values is concerned, would obviously be much more comfortable in a charcoal-gray single-breasted than in chain-mail armor.

In recasting the ancient story of the dissolution of King Arthur's fellowship of the Round Table, caused chiefly by Launcelot's tragic love for Queen Guinevere and by the corroding jealousy of Gawain for his family's honor, Miss Roberts, with considerable insight, expresses the alien spirit of the chivalric age.

It is all seen through the eyes of Bors, brother of Launcelot, who is a sympathetic, intelligent observer of great sensibility, and who speaks in a language at once forceful, poetic, and simple. He is the best realized of all the characters, and compensates for the author's partial failure in her attempt to reconcile the transcendent, non-human, mythic qualities of such figures as Launcelot and Gawain with the present-day novelistic demands for gradual revelation of character in terms of consistent psychological principals.

In a field so cluttered with mediocrity as that of historical fiction this book seems quite an accomplishment, and its author might have said, with Thomas Mallory, "Lo, thus was the old custom and usage of this land."

—JEROME STONE.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
PERILOUS JOURNEYS OF HERCULE POIROT *Agatha Christie* (Dodd, Mead: $3.50)	Omnibus reissue of three yarns which take peppery little Belgian all over the place.	Includes "Mystery of Blue Train," "Death on the Nile," "Murder in Mesopotamia."	Tried and true
THE DEADLY CLIMATE *Ursula Curtiss* (Dodd, Mead: $2.75)	Lady visitor in Mass. village sees murder done; killer deeply resentful.	Perils-of-Pauline job has pace, suspense.	On the beam
MURDER WALKS THE STAIRS *Glenn Barns* (Arcadia: $2.50)	Seattle-area bride shows groom old corpses at home; local sheriff good egg.	Not quite professional, but pace is fast, smooth; legal phase sound.	Holds up

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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School Kids Are Color Blind

Continued from page 10

their children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren. "Is the Southern white child, then," you ask, "to be retarded in his own school education by the inclusion of less well-prepared students?" And echo answers in a Southern accent: "Nevah, unto the *n*th generation."

Mr. Dowdey may, with some warrant, twit the North about its holier-than-thou attitude toward the South so far as some aspects of segregation, such as housing, are concerned; but few if any Northerners would defend as he does a deliberate policy of perpetual discrimination in the matter of schooling, especially public schooling, coldly and callously aimed against colored children. Almost everywhere in the North Negro and white schoolkids sit at adjoining desks, and laugh and play together at recess, oblivious of their shades of pigmentation. And they learn enough too, despite Mr. Dowdey's alleged intellectual drag of the Negroes on the whites, to get into college with a somewhat greater degree of success than do their white contemporaries from the segregated schools of the South.

Nor can Mr. Dowdey retort that mixed schools work in the North only because there is but one colored student to five or ten or twenty white ones. In New Haven, as in many Northern communities, there are public schools where the colored enrolment equals or exceeds the white enrolment—and where children of Yale faculty members study beside children of Yale janitors, colored and white, and come out better educated, and better citizens, for it. If Mr. Dowdey has read the papers recently, he must realize, to his probable discomfiture, that newly mixed schools are beginning to work here and there in the South too, from Washington, D. C., to Corpus Christi, Texas. Indeed, the rising rebelliousness against de-segregation in most of the South—from the plans to change laws or constitutions and the silly we-won't-play boycott of further Supreme Court hearings, threatened by several Southern states, to the sporadic Ku-Kluxlike local incidents—all comes, not from the schoolchildren who are going to do the mixing but from that majority of white Southern adults, be they professional politicians or less publicized protestants, who are, unfortunately, more grown up as grown-upness is reckoned in years than measured by maturity of heart and mind.

THE crux of the matter is the stark fact that it is the Southern adults, the supposedly wiser oldsters, who keep the un-Christian cross of discrimination ablaze—from segregated schools to occasional open violence. Children are born colorblind, so far as prejudice is concerned; a dark skin means no more to a white child than does dark hair to a blond child. South or North, only the insidious insistence of their elders that the difference is more than skin deep ever implants in the minds of the young the seeds of an assumed superiority. And even then the seeds sprout slowly, and take tenuous root.

There is not on record one single Southern community where white children have rebelled at, or so much as mildly resisted, going to school with their Negro neighbors—except at adult instigation. When the Supreme Court, in an earlier and narrower decision a couple of years back, ordered Negroes admitted to some Southern universities the Cassandras of everything from social ostracism to racial conflict were confounded by the white students' easy acceptance, indeed their warm welcoming, of the Negroes newly in their midst. And Southern boys who fought in World War II or in Korea developed a healthy respect for the essential

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equality of their colored and unsegregated comrades-in-arms on every level from intelligence to courage.

Even though it be today "normal," as Mr. Dowdey says it is, for white people and colored people to live apart—thanks to the hammering into children's heads, down the generations, of the nonsense that Negroes are, by nature, different and inferior beings—nevertheless, only by a naked *non sequitur* does it follow, as Mr. Dowdey says it follows, that because their families live apart colored and white children should learn apart. By learning together they might, as in many parts of the North, come in time to live together—in the same sections, the same blocks, the same apartment- or rooming-houses. But this indiscriminate intermingling is, of course, what Mr. Dowdey and his kind fear most.

And "fear" is the proper word. Although discrimination against the Negro in the South originally began as a by-product of financial greed—as a way of getting and keeping dirt-cheap labor to support Southern gentlemen and ladies among their mansions and magnolias—and although the cheap-labor incentive is, on a slightly different legal level, still rampant today—the emphasis of discrimination has shifted from money to emotions. You do not argue with a traditional Southerner about the Negro simply because his feeling of superiority to the colored man is unhappily essential to his own sense of self-respect. The fear is not of the Negroes rising *en masse* or raping at random white womanhood. It is the more gnawing type of fear that stems from self-doubt and inner insecurity, and so must seek a scapegoat, a someone-not-so-good-as-I-am, in order to create, by contrast, a synthetic approval of and pride in oneself. Emotionally mature Southern whites—and they are on the steady increase—do not need to bolster their egos at the expense of the Negro and do not favor segregation in public schools.

Eventually, for all the fear-bred resentment and rebellion, the separate schools of the South will go. The Supreme Court's long-belated decision—even though, after the initial ringing declaration, it will doubtless be supplemented and put into practical effect by the Justices gradually and gingerly—will still stand as a major step toward setting the Negro really free. Meanwhile, the kind of education most sorely needed in the South will remain, not the education of colored children in a civilized fashion, but the education of white adults in the brand of inner strength that breeds humility and true humanity—unsegregated.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1073

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Gesture in oratory or pantomine.	180 168 126 56 21 4 65 199 191
B. The bright star in Orion nearest of the rectangle to Aldebaran; a typical helium star.	57 178 113 190 169 122 10 95 48
C. Instrument for measuring variations in size of internal organs.	105 171 133 73 23 11 202 188 43
D. Two words for the fairies.	116 124 1 40 99 196 41
E. Unpretentious state.	173 197 104 112 154 30 139 27 161
F. Momentous.	181 36 53 165 146 86 24 107
G. What the woman did "with fingers weary and worn" in T. Hood's poem.	32 110 81 162 102 49 37 108
H. Rendering invalid.	50 145 152 66 44 45 87 68 28
I. Made less.	22 29 157 33 163 5 142 127
J. B-flat in old music (2 wds.).	114 132 77 118 120 170 192 183 159
K. Occupation of skilled calculator.	31 167 20 144 106 16 149 179 64 150 103
L. Great English essayist; contemporary Amer. short-story writer.	141 158 134 70 100 193

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Ex-president Truman's recent birthday.	94 195 82 137 25 153 117 55 89 8
N. Tricked out.	42 177 198 19 74 92 138 9 71
O. Carrying the eggs or young on the back.	51 175 186 174 79 72 59 67 17 160 09
P. Official artist of British gov't, World War I.	185 136 76 3 97
Q. A "grass" cultivated for its long leaf and pampaslike plumes.	63 34 54 83 201 155 148
R. Foraging insect of Africa (2 wds.).	78 46 130 96 189 101 140 60 18
S. Took a retrospective look at.	47 156 194 111 35 12 84 166
T. Habit of repeating what is said by other people, esp. immediately.	13 88 147 151 184 75 129 39 93
U. The moon personified.	98 119 131 172 61 115
V. Surveyor's rod about ten links long (2 wds.).	62 6 176 121 200 80 135 7 128 182 85
W. Restore to life (rare word for a rare operation!).	14 69 187 26 91 164 2 58
X. Made space between.	125 123 90 38 52 15 143

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

				1 D	2 W	3 P	4 A		5 I	6 V		7 V	8 M	9 N	10 B	11 C		12 S
13 T	14 W	15 X			16 K	17 O	18 R		19 N		20 K	21 A	22 I	23 C	24 F	25 M	26 W	27 E
28 H		29 I	30 E		31 K	32 G	33 I	34 Q		35 S	36 F	37 G	38 X		39 T	40 D		
41 D	42 N	43 C	44 H		45 H	46 R	47 S	48 B		49 G	50 H	51 O		52 X	53 F	54 Q	55 M	
56 A		57 B	58 W	59 O	60 R		61 U	62 V	63 Q	64 K		65 A	66 H	67 O		68 H	69 W	
70 L	71 N		72 O	73 C	74 N		75 T		76 P	77 J	78 R	79 O	80 V	81 G	82 M	83 Q		
84 S	85 V	86 F	87 H	88 T	89 M	90 X	91 W	92 N		93 T	94 M	95 B	96 R	97 P		98 U	99 D	
100 L	101 R	102 G	103 K		104 E	105 C	106 K	107 F	108 G		109 O	110 G	111 S	112 E	113 B		114 J	
115 U		116 D	117 M	118 J	119 U		120 J	121 V		122 B	123 X	124 D		125 X	126 A	127 I	128 V	
129 T		130 R	131 U	132 J	133 C	134 L	135 V		136 P	137 M	138 N	139 E	140 R	141 L	142 I	143 X		
144 K	145 H		146 F	147 T	148 Q	149 K		150 K	151 T	152 H	153 M	154 E	155 Q	156 S	157 I	158 L		
159 J	160 O	161 E	162 G		163 I	164 W	165 F	166 S		167 K	168 A	169 B	170 J	171 C	172 U	173 E	174 O	
	175 O	176 V		177 N	178 B	179 K	180 A	181 F	182 V	183 J	184 T		185 P	186 O	187 W	188 C	189 R	
190 B	191 A		192 J	193 L	194 S	195 M	196 D	197 E	198 N	199 A	200 V	201 Q	202 C					

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 47 of this issue.

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